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SIXPENCE.



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THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM STUBBS, D.D., BISHOP OF OXFORD.

BORN, JUNE 21, 1825; DIED, APRIL 22, 1901.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Being no authority on finance, I follow with respectful interest the opinions of persons who express themselves on the subject with great emphasis. There is a legislator, for instance, who opposes all taxation to meet the cost of "this iniquitous war." This is the latest charter of political wisdom. If a war is considered to be wicked, it ought not to be paid for. From this great truth it is but a step to the principle that Tolstoy lays down in the *North American Review*. No taxes, he says, should be paid unless the citizen is convinced that they will be expended for "religious purposes." As "religious purpose" is a criterion on which the world is most divided, taxation by that method does not offer a tempting prospect to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The legislator I have quoted apparently believes that, if the nation incurs liabilities by a wicked policy, it ought to show a noble penitence by refusing to pay. Another aggrieved gentleman announces that, if the Budget scheme be persisted in, he will vote "for handing over the country to the country's enemies." This terrific threat ought to be communicated to the fighting burghers, who are persuaded that England will presently give back their territory, and compensate them handsomely for having meddled with it.

In every country, I suppose, there are people who, when they see the bill for a national ordeal, shake their heads and say, "If we had known it would cost so much, who would have gone into it?" In the darkest hour of the American Civil War, some politicians in the North urged Lincoln to throw up the sponge. They did not think the preservation of the Union was worth such sacrifices. Timid souls are everywhere appalled by difficulties because they do not see the end. "This will not be set right in our generation," they tell you, as if their generation were eternity. I wonder that the legislator I have been admiring does not rise in his place, and declare that he objects to any policy which gives him no guarantee that it will achieve its aim in his lifetime. I prefer the old-fashioned pessimist who believes that the country is going to the dogs. He, at least, is not arbitrary as to the point of time. The country has been going to the dogs so long that I have come to regard the dog as specially designed to remind us of our canine destiny. Why is he so friendly? Why is he so often our inseparable companion? The cat is dignified, independent—nay, frigidly aloof. This makes it clear that the country will never go to the cats. A French philosopher has drawn a cheerful picture of our planet after the extinction of the human race. He thinks the earth will be given up to insects. I venture to differ. We shall not be extinguished; we shall be incorporated with our four-footed intimates; and on festive occasions we shall bay the moon with an old song, freely adapted—

When we were pups, merry, merry pups,
When we were pups together!

Some bosoms are wrung because there are South African editors in gaol. I admit that the thought of an editor in gaol turns civilisation to a rhapsody of words. "It makes a goblin of the sun," as Dante Rossetti says in a certain indecorous poem. We are accustomed to think that an editor is hedged with the divinity that used to belong to kings. There are countries, no doubt, where he often spends a vacation in a fortress for a trifling offence; but we like to picture him sipping his morning coffee under an inviolate roof, while baffled Ministers gnash their teeth over his leading articles. And yet for two or three gentlemen in South Africa that morning coffee, for the next few months, will be served, not by dear, domesticated hands, but by unfeeling warders. One of the sufferers, convicted of libelling Lord Kitchener by stating that the Commander-in-Chief had ordered Boer prisoners to be shot, pleaded in extenuation that Mr. Stead had pledged his word of honour to the truth of the story. The callous judges had no qualms. I fear that even the solemn assurance of Julia, straight from Heaven, would have moved them not a jot. But you will observe that although South African editors are thus harassed, their colleagues and allies in this country are unmolested. The distinguished editor of "Bedlam at Large" is not haled before a jury. Perhaps the minions of tyranny shrink from that. Julia (with a new pair of wings for the occasion) might appear in the witness-box, and hurl a thunderbolt at the Bench!

No student of contemporary letters can fail to be struck by the growing passion for anonymity. Editors may continue to grasp the laurel and brave the gaol; but novelists, poets, and pamphleteers defy wild horses to drag them from their privacy. "The author's name will never be divulged," says the publisher when he sends you a modest synopsis of the genius he is about to launch upon the world. It is a happy idea. Would there have been such a prodigious fuss about Junius if the veil of his identity had been pierced? What legends have enveloped "The Man in the Iron Mask"! In a bright little book by my friend Tighe Hopkins you will find the evidence that finally disperses them. There never was an Iron Mask, and the Man was a commonplace Italian named Mattioli, and not any of the illustrious persons

suggested by romance. I cannot share the joy of Mr. Hopkins in this discovery, and I hope the ghosts of Voltaire and Dumas will gibber at his bedside. Luckily, our shrinking poets, novelists, and pamphleteers wear their masks with a difference. Mr. Hopkins may sit next to them at dinner, and never have an inkling of their greatness. I said to a lady the other evening, "You are the author of 'Roses and Raptures.'" "Indeed!" said she. "And how do you know that?" "By the way you eat asparagus." But no hectic spot of detected guilt burned on her damask cheek!

The nuisance is that these anonymous persons distract public attention from authors who have been honestly advertising their names for years. A man cannot easily break himself of the habit of putting his name to a book or at the head of a column. And he is justifiably annoyed when he finds he is of no value in a conversation unless he can contribute a suggestion as to the authorship of a work which nobody in the company has read. He is driven to demoralising expedients for arresting attention. Thus, by hinting that "Roses and Raptures" was a posthumous poem by Mr. Spurgeon, I contrived to secure the attention of the whole table for at least five minutes. What a fall from the literary gossip of better days! I recall the story of the eminent critic who sometimes wrote prefaces for publishers. He dined on one occasion next to a quiet stranger who, alluding to a certain book, remarked, "You wrote a preface, I remember." "Oh, yes," said the eminent critic, "I wrote the preface, but I didn't read the book." "Ah!" said the quiet stranger, "I read the book, but I didn't read your preface." Such was the golden talk of old—the tender grace of a day that is dead. But now, without the least interest in the merits of "Roses and Raptures," speculation rages feverishly over the mysterious blank on the title-page. I wonder some sportsman does not heighten the interest of the quest by turning it into a sweepstake.

The writer of the remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* on Queen Victoria tells us that the stories of the Queen's devotion to the works of certain contemporary novelists were "the fables of self-advertisement." A lady-in-waiting would sometimes prevail upon the Queen to open one of these masterpieces, and would then dash off a note to the author: "I am glad to tell you that her Majesty is now deep in your 'Prodigies of Passion.'" But she neglected to inform her delighted friend that the Queen read no further than the fifth page. And then the circulation of the masterpiece was stimulated by artful paragraphs, which asserted that it was the favourite reading of the Sovereign, who had forgotten all about it, and was refreshing herself with an obsolete writer named Jane Austen. It surprises me that publishers do not make more of royal favour in their advertisements. "Our Six-Shilling Novels, as supplied to the Crowned Heads of Europe," would impress stranded travellers at railway stations. "Purveyor of Short Stories to the Grand Lama of Tibet" is an inscription that would look well over doorways, accompanied by the Grand Lama's armorial bearings, which, it is said, were quartered on the person of Mr. Savage Landor when he visited that potentate's dominions.

Victoria had a robust sense of humour—a quality uncommon in monarchs. We are told how she once received an Oriental embassy which was a sore trial to gravity. The envoys bowed continually, as if they had internal pains, and rubbed their hands between their knees. Most of the onlookers were suffocated with mirth; but the Queen remained impassive until the strange visitors had salaamed themselves out of her presence, and then she gave way to a paroxysm of laughter, exclaiming whenever she could get her breath, "But I got through it!" She was proud to think that the Oriental gentlemen could never reproach the Queen of England with having laughed at them. The ordeals of regal etiquette represent the most acute refinement of modern torture. In the early years at Windsor it was the custom for all the royal personages to stand on the drawing-room rug in front of the fire after dinner. Unaware of this, Bulwer Lytton, when he dined at the Castle for the first time, strolled about the drawing-room very much at his ease, until the Queen whispered to somebody, "If you don't distract his attention he'll be on the rug!" What would have happened if the daring foot of Zanoni had touched that sacred spot? I can imagine the Queen answering the question: "Well, the ghosts of all my ancestors, headed by Charlemagne and Alfred the Great (Alfred with a bed-room candle in his hand), would have rushed in and pulled him off. And then he would have thought more highly of himself than ever!"

I cherish this picture of the Queen as a humorist, because some people think there is no fun except in Republican institutions. Let it never be forgotten that Victoria delighted in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and that when these were sung at Court, she would often take a leading part "very drolly and prettily." I don't think her ancestor King Charles I., for whom she had "an almost superstitious admiration," would have relished Mr. Gilbert's wit, which is deficient in reverence for Court etiquette. You can't imagine Charles condescending even to join in the chorus.

PARLIAMENT.

The Budget is simplicity itself. To meet an estimated deficit of £53,347,000, Sir Michael Hicks Beach adds twopence to the income-tax, making it fourteennence, and imposes a shilling a ton on exported coal, something less than a halfpenny a pound on sugar, two shillings a hundredweight on molasses, and one and eightpence a hundredweight on glucose. The new taxation will yield eleven millions, and sixty millions are to be raised by borrowing, leaving a balance for emergencies. The sugar and coal duties have excited lively opposition, but the increase of income-tax is accepted with a groan as the inevitable. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he did not regard fourteennence as "permanent"; but he did not say whether he thought the tax would fall below a shilling. The suggestion to exempt incomes under £500 a year he stigmatised as "immoral." In the miscellaneous discussion of the Budget, Mr. James Lowther introduced an element of novelty by denouncing it as "Little Englander" finance.

A debate on the Irish University question drew from Mr. Balfour a very frank speech in favour of endowing higher education for Irish Roman Catholics. Colonel Sanderson contended that this would increase the power of the priests and of the Vatican. Mr. Balfour replied that he could not see how the teaching of mathematics, physical science, and ancient history by Roman Catholic professors could increase the priestly power. It was stated in the debate that endowment, in any case, would not be asked for a chair of theology. Mr. Balfour admitted that the division of opinion in the Unionist Party and the Government made it impossible to propose any measure to carry out his views.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A ROYAL NECKLACE," AT THE NEW IMPERIAL.

The Imperial audience of Monday night seemed more interested in the stately yet severely simple interior of Mrs. Langtry's beautiful new theatre (its material nothing but fine marble and burnished metal) than in the play presented therein. Not that, with Dumas to help, the story of Marie Antoinette and her gallant lover, Count Fersen, of the Queen's double, and the plot of the diamond necklace could fail of dramatic effect. MM. Berton, however, the authors of "A Royal Necklace," have been content to concoct one of those elaborate, diffuse, and spectacular pieces of stage mechanism, all mere external show and artificial emotion, which are characteristic of Sardou's later methods. And so, while they have contrived brilliant stage-pictures—illustrating, for example, the winter misery of the Paris poor, the summer gaiety of the Court, the Queen's dream of a Revolutionary Pandemonium—they have not made their drama uniformly compact, or rendered the distresses of their thinly sketched characters at all convincing. If their work had been kept on the plane of the third act, and the vehement scene of the Queen's and the Count's misunderstanding, it might have laid claims to considerable artistic merits; as it is, apart from the chances it affords for scenic display, "A Royal Necklace" does well enough in giving full scope to the superb declamation of Mr. Robert Taber as Fersen, and to the virtuosity of Mrs. Langtry, who doubles the rôles of Marie Antoinette and her hoydenish impersonator with no little charm and humour.

"COUNT TEZMA," AT THE COMEDY.

Quite the poorest specimen of cape-and-sword romance that has recently obtained stage-production is the new play of Mr. A. N. Homer's composition, with which, unfortunately, Mr. Forbes Robertson has opened his season at the Comedy Theatre. "Count Tezma," as it is called, has the thinnest of plots—tediously occupied with a preposterous code of honour which requires from officers instant settlement of card debts or the alternative of suicide; and such dramatic possibilities as this feeble theme affords the author is altogether unable to elaborate or to use to any strong emotional or sensational effect. The persons of the drama, whether military or feminine, are mere shadows, and its whole atmosphere is one of trivial unreality. What possible interest can be felt in the grief of a jealous virago who would employ (and marry) a virtual assassin to wreak vengeance on a faithless lover; or again, in the hesitations of a heroine whose love wavers between two reckless gamblers; or, finally, in the self-immolation of Tezma himself, who would sacrifice honour, love, and life on behalf of a lad obviously weak-willed and worthless? The more especially when the playwright cannot work these threads of his story into even a decently complicated and exciting mechanical puzzle. No, "Count Tezma" was doomed from the close of its second act, an act distressingly lacking in either movement or vitality.

"THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

"The Girl from Up There," the new American musical comedy of Messrs. Morton and Kerker's construction, which is now "presented" by Mr. Frohman at the Duke of York's, and brings back to town that favourite, Miss Edna May, is moderately joyous and entertaining. It lacks, doubtless, the freshness and eternal vivacity, the short, gay chansonnets, the skilfully orchestrated finales, the overpoweringly amusing eccentric types, and the whole-hearted fun of "The Belle of New York"; and it hardly obtains on the rather small St. Martin's Lane stage proper room for elaborate processions and evolutions. Still, it contains a traceable and fanciful story—all about a maiden, spellbound in a Polar iceberg, rescued by a young explorer, and only to be kept alive by a draught from a stolen golden goblet—and it is furnished with some of Mr. Kerker's brightest and most sparkling music. The production can also boast some capital dancing, graceful or comic. It introduces some droll new actors and a pleasant songstress and dancer (in Miss Virginia Earle), and reintroduces that really fertile comedian, Mr. Harry Davenport, and it enables Miss Edna May to don some lovely dresses and to sing several telling ditties. The various scenes, ranging between the North Pole, a Greek island, and the Paris boulevards, provide piquant contrasts, and the costumes of the Duke of York's are rather refined and picturesque.

THE LATE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, whose illness was not thought grave until last Sunday, died on Monday morning. The eldest son of a solicitor at Knarborough, where he was born in 1825, he proceeded from the Ripon Grammar School to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a first class in Lit. Hum. and a third in mathematics. In 1848 he was ordained and became Fellow of Trinity College. Two years later he was Vicar of Navestock, Essex, and, in 1862, librarian to Archbishop Longley at Lambeth. Other posts he held in rapid succession—Diocesan Inspector of Schools for Rochester, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, Fellow of Oriel College, Honorary Fellow of Balliol, Honorary Student of Christ Church, Curator of the Bodleian Library, delegate of the Clarendon Press, member of the Hebdomadal Council, Rector of Cholderton, Canon of St. Paul's, and Bishop, first of Chester, then of Oxford. All this time he was engaged not alone with the exacting duties for which many of these titles stand, but with studies by which his name will be always remembered. Besides the "English Constitutional History," which remains as his masterpiece, he wrote "Select Charters and Other Illustrations of the Constitutional History of England," "The Chronicles and Memorials of Richard I.," and "Memorials of St. Dunstan." Great recognitions came to him for his historical scholarship. The Universities of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin conferred on him the Honorary degree of LL.D., and his own University, Oxford, gave him the degree of D.C.L. He was Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and a member of most of the learned societies. The late Bishop married in 1859 a daughter of Mr. John Dellar, of Navestock.

A PICTURESQUE TUNISIAN CEREMONY.

Every year at Tunis a solemn religious service is held in memory of the Early Christian martyrs, Vivia Perpetua and Felicitas. The ceremony was conducted this year on March 7 by Monsignor Combes, Archbishop of Carthage. Our Illustration shows one of the most picturesque incidents in the celebration—namely, the procession to the subterranean chambers attached to the ancient arena of Carthage, the very place where in the third century the two martyrs were delivered to the wild beasts. The setting of the African landscape, the picturesque Roman ruins and the memories they evoke, the procession of the clergy, watched by grave and curious-eyed Arabs grouped near the entrance to the crypt, combine to form a scene of singular interest.

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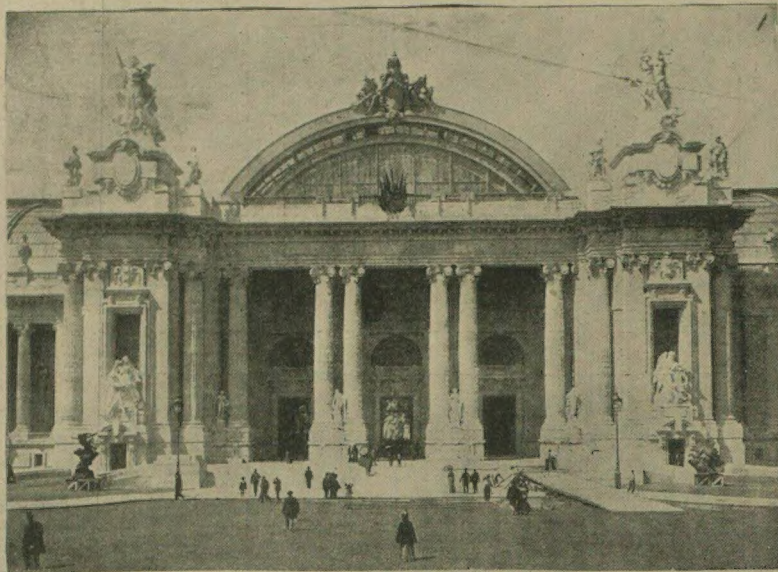
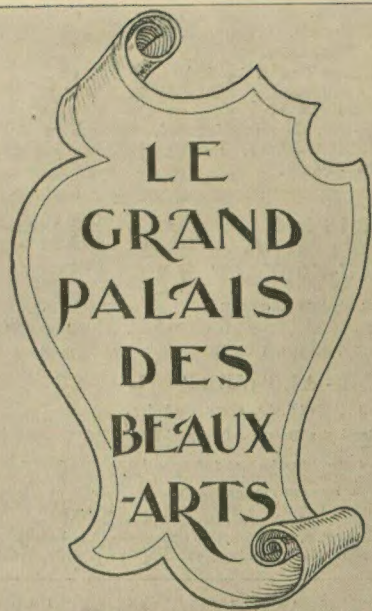
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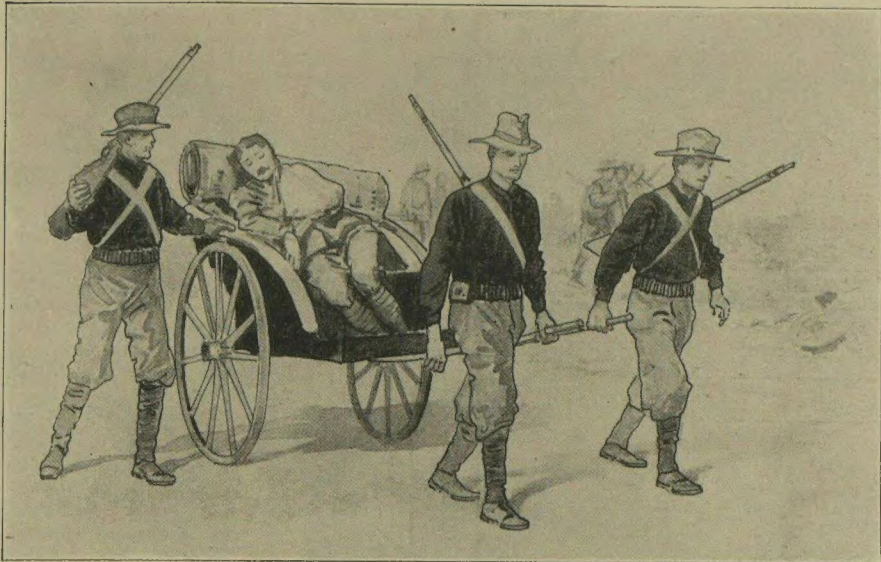
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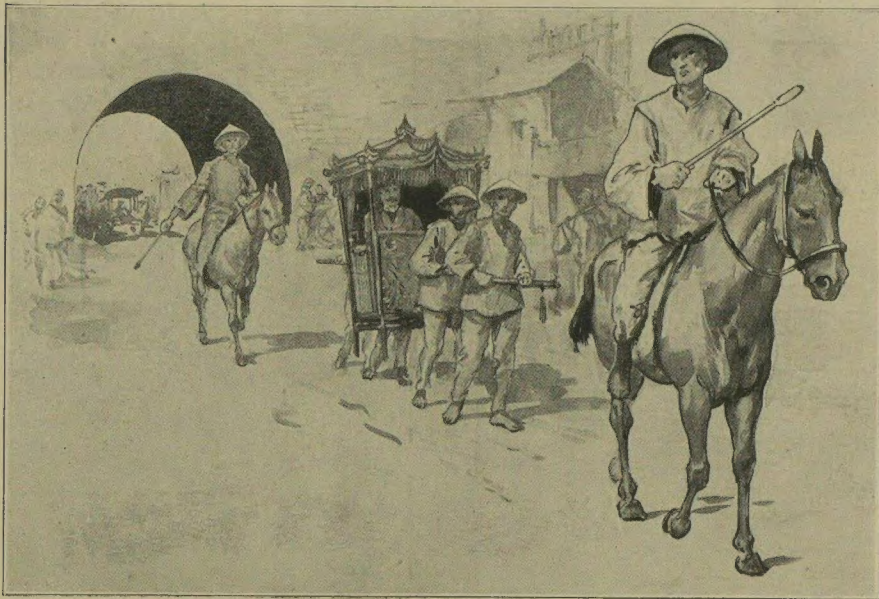
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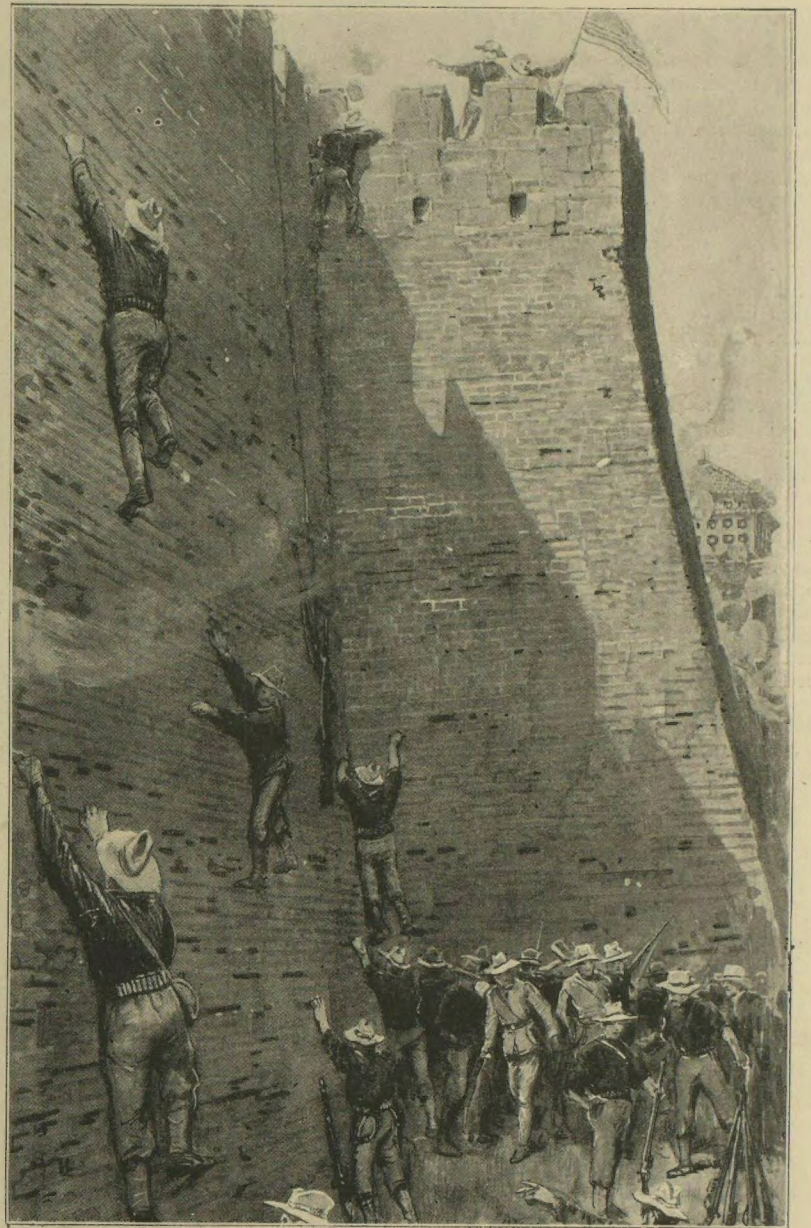
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ADMIRALTY LORDS
AT MALTA.

The *Renown* battle-ship, in command of Captain the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt, and flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Fisher, arrived at Malta on Saturday, the 6th, from San Remo, bringing Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, and Rear-Admirals Custance and Fawkes. The destroyer flotilla met the *Renown* off Malta, executed some fine manœuvres, and then escorted the *Renown* into the harbour. A naval review of 12,000 men, landed from the Mediterranean Squadron, and commanded by Lord Charles Beresford, was held on the Racecourse by Sir John Fisher, who was closely accompanied by Lord Selborne and Sir Francis Grenfell. Other spectators were Admiral Lord Walter Kerr and Lord Rosebery.

THE PARIS SALON.

The new Grand Palais in the Champs Elysées gives



THE RESTOCKING OF THE THAMES WITH SALMON: PLACING SAMLETS IN THE RIVER AT TEDDINGTON, APRIL 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., Mr. Gotch, Mr. Stott, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, and Lady Granby. Mr. Watts, R.A., and Mr. Sargent, R.A. Some account of the pictures will be found in the "Art Notes" on another page.

THE RESTOCKING
OF THE THAMES.

On Tuesday last six hundred young salmon were placed in the Thames at Teddington Weir, under the supervision of the Thames Salmon Association, with a view to making the Thames again a salmon river. The fish, which varied in length from five to seven inches, were conveyed to their destination in tin cans. From these they were transferred to glass globes, so that the condition of each might be noted, and then to the water.

A REMARKABLE
ROWING
PERFORMANCE.

On April 22 three oarsmen, Mr. Spencer Gollan, the

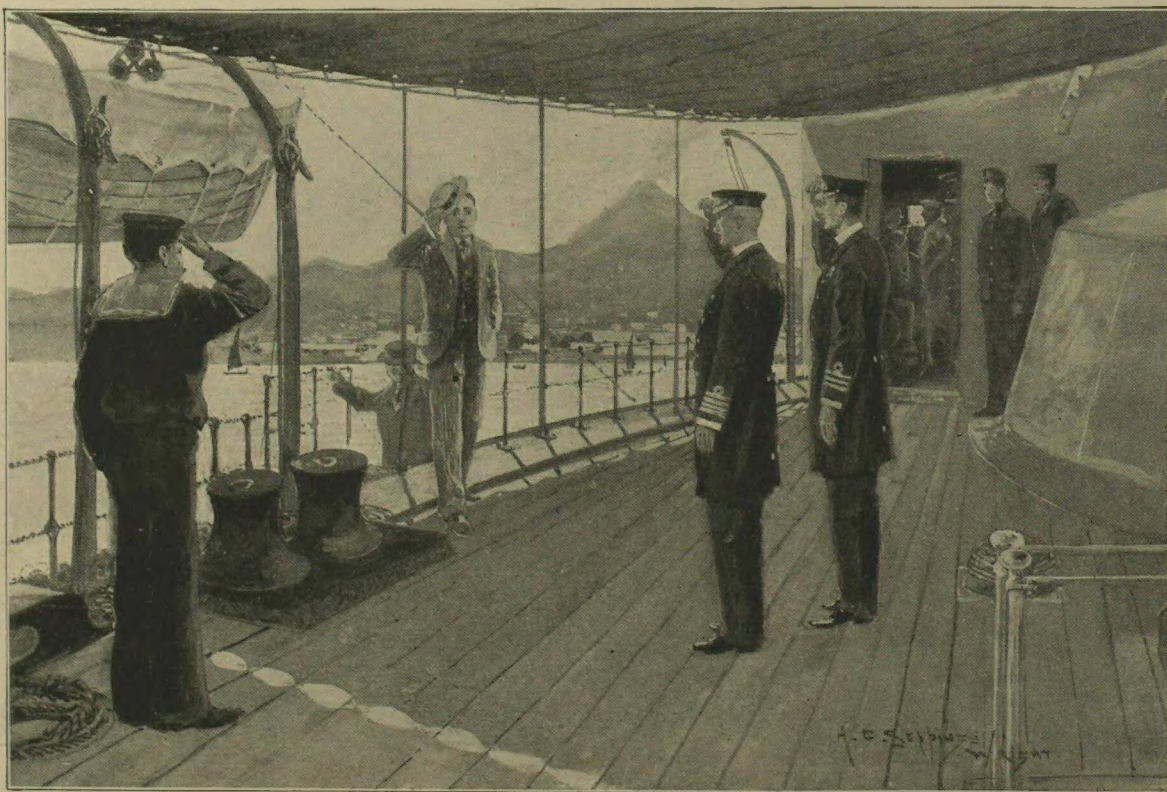


FROM OXFORD TO PUTNEY IN 13 HOURS 59 MINUTES: MR. SPENCER GOLLAN, TOM SULLIVAN, AND GEORGE TOWNS LEAVING HENLEY.

at last to the principal art show of the Paris year quarters worthy of it. The crude light of the old Palais de l'Industrie is no longer seen, and the improvement in the temperature of the new building was particularly appreciated during the summer heat of last Sunday. That day was "Varnishing-Day," when the artist puts the finishing touch to his picture in its new position, dusts it, and tilts it till it contents his eye. In Paris he does all this in the presence of spectators, who are admitted on a payment of ten francs, and who this year included in their number the King of the Belgians.

THE NEW GALLERY
PRIVATE VIEW.

The "Members' Day" of the New Gallery, on Saturday afternoon last week, was so precisely like a "Private View" that one cannot easily adopt the new name for the old function. Among the exhibitors present were



LORD ROSEBERY COMING ON BOARD H.M.S. "CÉSAR," AT NAPLES, EN ROUTE FOR MALTA, TO MEET THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY

race-horse owner and golf-player, assisted by George Towns, the English professional sculling champion, and Tom Sullivan, of Battersea, rowed from Folly Bridge, Oxford, to Putney Bridge, in just one minute less than fourteen hours. They started at half-past five a.m., in a treble-sculling racing-boat.

THE EARL'S COURT
SPECTACLE.

China will figure largely at Earl's Court this summer. In connection with the Military Exhibition, to be opened on May 4, Mr. Imre Kiralfy will produce in the Empress Theatre—which is, by the way, the largest building of its kind in the world—a huge realistic military spectacle entitled "China; or, The Relief of the Legations," based, needless to say, on last year's thrilling incidents in the Far East. There will be more than a thousand performers, and over fifty speaking parts—figures which afford some idea of the magnitude of the production.

PERSONAL.

The King, on visiting the Royal Academy Exhibition, directed that the pictures surrounding M. Benjamin Constant's portrait of Queen Victoria should be removed, and that the picture should have a wall entirely to itself.

The death of Dr. Charles Cairns Deane Tanner, which occurred on April 21, removes from Parliament a remarkable personality among Irish members.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE DR. TANNER,
Member for Mid-Cork.

Dr. Tanner, who sat for Mid-Cork since 1885, allowed himself liberty of speech to the utmost limit of the law, and sometimes beyond it. Despite his vehemence, however, in party discussion, he had a more genial side, which won him many private friends. Dr. Tanner came of a good Irish family, and was born at Cork in 1850. Winchester was his school, and his student days were passed at Queen's College, Cork, Berlin, and Leipzig. He began his public career as a Tory, but in 1885 became completely converted to Nationalism. Dr. Tanner was chief Nationalist Whip, and had figured in many a stormy scene in the House of Commons. Once, during the coercion days, he suffered imprisonment, and only in

able personality among Irish members. Dr. Tanner, who sat for Mid-Cork since 1885, allowed himself liberty of speech to the utmost limit of the law, and sometimes beyond it. Despite his vehemence, however, in party discussion, he had a more genial side, which won him many private friends. Dr. Tanner came of a good Irish family, and was born at Cork in 1850. Winchester was his school, and his student

Sir Alfred Milner has obtained three months' leave of absence. Never did an administrator better deserve a holiday. For two years he has had the most exacting responsibilities that ever fell upon a Colonial representative of the Crown. There is an absurd suggestion that Sir Alfred Milner's holiday means his recall, and some French journalists have been exulting over this mare's nest.

A strong protest has been made against the proposal to erect a memorial window in Westminster Abbey in honour of the late Duke of Westminster. It is urged that the Duke did nothing that entitles him to such a distinction.

Mr. John Corbett, known in Worcestershire as the Salt King, died at his residence, Impney, near Droitwich, on Monday evening at the age of eighty-four. He was instrumental in rescuing the salt trade of Worcestershire from decay, and placing it upon a sound commercial basis. He made a great fortune, and dispensed it with an open hand. The hospital he founded at Stourbridge bears his name; to other philanthropic institutions in the Midlands he contributed handsomely; and to Droitwich he made a present of Salters Hall.

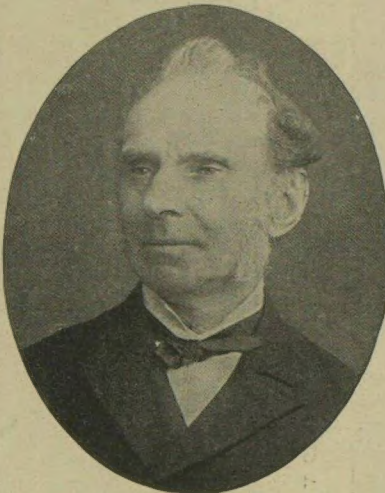


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE MR. JOHN CORBETT,
The Salt King.

So long ago as in 1868 Mr. Corbett unsuccessfully contested Droitwich in opposition to Sir John Pakington. Six years later he was returned to Parliament, where he remained—latterly as a Liberal Unionist—until 1892.

The new Marchioness of Exeter, whose marriage took place last week, has hitherto been known as Miss Myra Rowena Sibell Orde-Powlett. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Bolton, of Bolton Castle, County York, and was born in the December of 1879. Her only brother, Mr. William George Algar Orde-Powlett, who is ten years her senior, married in 1893 the eldest daughter of the first Lord Ashbourne. At Wensley the marriage was celebrated by the Bishop of Ripon. Lord Bolton gave his daughter away, and Sir Thomas Whichcote was best man to the Marquis of Exeter. After the wedding, Lord and Lady Bolton received their friends at Bolton Hall; and the married pair had a popular reception in the afternoon on reaching "Burleigh House, by Stamford Town," with its rather legendary tradition of a "landscape-painter" lord and a "village-maiden" bride.

Miss Baden-Powell, whose engagement to Sir William Berry is announced, belongs to a family that has made its name a household word in the England of war-time. The defender of Mafeking is now head of the Transvaal Police; and the future Lady Berry is likely to settle down in the South Africa of new conditions. The Hon. Sir William Bisset Berry was born at Aberdeen and educated at its University. In 1864 he settled at Queenstown, Cape of Good Hope, practised medicine there, and was, in time, chosen as its representative in the House of Assembly, the Speaker of which he has been for the last three years.

The Committee appointed to inquire into military education at Woolwich and Sandhurst, and to reconsider the system of examinations for entrance into the Army, will have some hard—and hard-fought—problems to solve. It has a hard-headed president in the Right Hon. A. Akers-Douglas, P.C., First Commissioner of Works, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was born in 1851, the eldest son of Mr. Aretas Akers, of Malling Abbey, Kent, and he has represented the St. Augustine's Division of his native county for over twenty years.



Photo. Russell.
MR. AKERS-DOUGLAS,
Chairman of Committee on Military Education.

He was educated at Eton and University College, Oxford, was called to the Bar, and served as Captain of the East Kent Yeomanry Cavalry, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, and Whip to the Conservative Party.

Mr. Merriman has thrown over Mr. Stead by declaring that the war in South Africa has been conducted with humanity. But Mr. Merriman is still fond of Mr. Stead's vocabulary. He says the policy of the British Government is "hellish," because it aims, in his opinion, at the establishment of "racial ascendancy." But for the ascendancy policy of Mr. Kruger he has no epithets, except in private letters.

All the wild boars at Windsor, except four, which will be sent to the Zoological Gardens, are to be slaughtered. During the work of choosing the survivors the keeper had to run for his life.

Mr. Patrick McHugh, member for North Leitrim, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for seditious

libel in the *Sligo Champion*, of which he is proprietor. The libel consisted of the intimidation of jurors in the discharge of their duty. It is a long time since an Irish M.P. went to gaol as a political prisoner, and Mr. McHugh must feel that he has been chosen for a rare privilege.

The Rev. James Chalmers, the missionary who has been reported murdered in New Guinea, enjoyed the friendship of a wide circle, both at home and in the Australian Colonies. He was born in Argyllshire nearly sixty years ago, and began life as a law-clerk in Inveraray. Thence he proceeded to Glasgow, where he became a City missionary, and in 1866 he went to Raratonga, the headquarters of the Pacific Missions. He afterwards took up his abode at Port Moresby, where his work contributed greatly to the opening up of New Guinea. "Tamati," as he was called by the Papuans (the name recalls Tusitala), was very popular among the natives, and it is difficult to understand how he should have come by any mishap. He was the author of "Work and Adventures in New Guinea," "Pioneering in New Guinea," and other volumes.

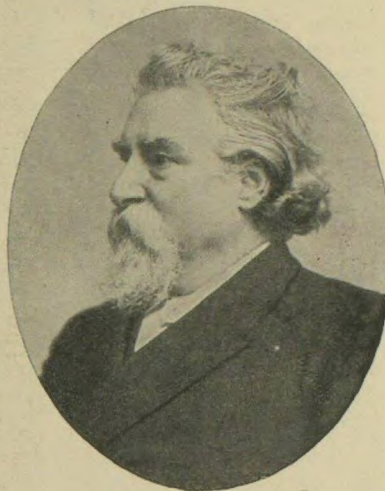


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. J. CHALMERS,
Missionary, Murdered in New Guinea.

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Photo. Nichols, Stamford.

THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER,
Née Miss Myra Orde-Powlett.

August last his conduct led to his exclusion from the House for the rest of the sitting.

A bronze bust of Sir John Mowbray was unveiled by the Speaker in Committee Room No. 14 at the House of Commons. Sir John Mowbray represented Oxford University for many years, was "Father" of the House, and Chairman of the Committee of Standing Orders and the Committee of Selection for a quarter of a century. He represented a tradition of public life peculiar to England, and most happily a tradition that shows no sign of decay.

St. Paul's School is represented upon the Military Education Committee by its High Master, Dr. Frederick William Walker.



DR. F. W. WALKER,
Member of Committee on Military Education.

is an Honorary Litt.D. of Victoria University. In the detail of modern examinations he is an expert.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MISS BADEN-POWELL,
ENGAGED TO SIR W. BERRY, SPEAKER OF THE CAPE PARLIAMENT.

Vera Gelo has been acquitted by a French jury. She admitted that M. Deschanel was not the man she took him to be when she fired at him, and wounded her friend, who is now dead. M. Deschanel testified that he had not been at Geneva for many years. It was at Geneva that Vera Gelo was insulted by some mysterious person not yet identified. It is well for the sake of Paris and Geneva that this young woman has been induced to return to Russia. Her native country ought to enjoy the exclusive responsibility for her hysterical pranks.

The Rev. Edmond Warre, D.D., as Head Master of Eton, will bring to the Army Education and Examination Inquiry a very ripe experience.

Born in London in 1837, he was educated at Eton, where he was Newcastle Scholar, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he had a scholarship, First Class Mods., First Class Lit. Hum., a Fellowship of All Souls', and an Honorary Fellowship of Balliol. He returned to Eton in 1860 as Assistant Master, becoming Head Master twenty-four years later. He married Florence, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel C. Malet, was a Colonel of Volunteers, and rowed of old in the Oxford boat.



Photo. Russell, Windsor.
THE REV. DR. WARRE,
Member of Committee on Military Education.



A QUEENSLAND SUGAR-MILL.

Photo. Wilson.



A SUGAR-MILL IN JAMAICA.

Photo. Valentine.



CANE-CUTTING IN JAMAICA.

Photo. Valentine.



UNLOADING CANE AT MOUNT EDGUMBE SUGAR-MILL, NATAL.

Photo. Wilson.

THE COWARD.

By A. E. W. MASON.



Illustrated by Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

"GEOFFREY," said General Feversham, "look at the clock!"

The hands of the clock made the acutest of angles. It was close upon midnight, and ever since nine the boy had sat at the dinner-table listening. He had not spoken a word; he had barely once stirred in the three hours: he had sat turning a white and fascinated face upon speaker after speaker. At his father's warning, he awoke with a shock from his absorption, and reluctantly stood up. "Must I go, father?" he asked, and the General's guests intervened in a chorus. The conversation was clear gain for the lad, they declared—a first taste of gunpowder which might stand him in good stead at a future time. Geoffrey was allowed furlough from his bed for another half-hour, and with his face supported between his hands, he continued to listen at the table. The flames of the candles were more and more blurred with a haze of tobacco-smoke, the room became intolerably hot, the level of the wine grew steadily lower in the decanters, and the boy's face took a strained, quivering look, his pallor increased, his dark wide-open eyes seemed preternaturally large.

The stories were all of that terrible winter in the Crimea, now ten years past, and a fresh story was always in the telling before its predecessors were ended; for each of the men had borne his share of that winter's wounds and privations. It was still a reality rather than a memory to them; they could feel even on this hot summer evening, and round this dinner-table, the chill of its snows and the pinch of famine. Yet their recollections were not all of hardships. The Major told how the subalterns, of whom he had then been one, had cheerily played cards in the trenches three hundred yards from the Malakoff. One of the party was always told off to watch for shells from the fort's guns. If a black speck was seen in the midst of the cannon-smoke, then the sentinel shouted, and a rush was made for safety, for the shell was coming their way. At night the burning fuse could be seen like a rocket in the air. So long as it spun and flew, the card-players were safe, but the moment it became stationary above their heads it was time to run, for the shell was falling upon them. The guns of the Malakoff were not the rifled guns of a later decade. When the Major had finished, the General again looked at the clock and Geoffrey said good-night.

He stood outside the door listening to the muffled talk on the other side of the panels, and with a shiver lighted his candle and held it aloft in the dark and silent hall. There was not one man's portrait upon the walls which did not glow with the colours of a uniform, and there were the portraits of many men. Father and son, the Fevershams had been soldiers from the very birth of the family. Father and son, in steinkirks and plumed

hats, in shakoes and swallow-tails, in frogged coats and high stocks, they looked down upon the boy as though summoning him to the like service. No distinction in uniform could obscure their resemblance to each other: that stood out with a remarkable clearness. The Fevershams were men of one stamp: lean-faced, hard as iron, they lacked the elasticity of steel; rugged in feature, confident in expression, men with firm, level mouths but rather narrow at the forehead, men of resolution and courage, no doubt, but hardly conspicuous for intellect and unconscious of their limitations, men without means or subtlety, fighting-men of the first class but hardly first-class soldiers. Some of the faces, indeed, revealed an actual stupidity. The boy, however, saw none of their defects. To him they were one and all portentous and terrible, and he had an air of one standing before his judges and pleading mutely for forgiveness. The candle shook in his hand.

These Crimean nights, as his father termed them, were the worst of tortures to Geoffrey Feversham. He sat horribly enthralled so long as he was allowed; he crept afterwards to bed and lay there shuddering. For his

mother, a lady who, some twenty years before, had shone at the Court of Saxe-Coburg as much by the refinement of her intellect as by the beauty of her person, had bequeathed to him a very burdensome gift of imagination. It was visible in his face, marking him off unmistakably from his father and from the sturdy portraits in the hall. He had the capacity to foresee possibilities, and he could not but exercise that capacity. A hint was enough for the boy. Straightway he had a vivid picture before his mind, and as he listened to the men at the dinner-table, their rough-slipped words set him down in the midst of their battle-fields: he heard the drone of bullets; he quivered, expecting the shock of a charge. But of all the Crimean nights, this had been fraught with the most torments.

His father had told a story with a lowered voice, and in his usual jerky way. But the gaps were easy to fill up.

"A Captain! Yes, and he bore one of the best names in all England. It seemed incredible, and mere camp rumour. But the rumour grew with every fight he was engaged in. At the Alma battle the thing was proved. He was acting as galloper to his General. I believe, upon my soul, the General chose him for the duty so that the

man might set himself right. He was bidden to ride with a message a quarter of a mile, and that quarter of a mile was bullet-swept. There were enough men looking on to have given him a reputation had he dared and come through. But he did not dare; he refused, and was sent under arrest to his tent. He was court-martialled and broken. He dropped out of his circle like a plummet of lead; the very women in Piccadilly spat if he spoke to them. He blew his brains out three years later in a back bed-room off the Haymarket. Explain that if you can. Turns tail, and says 'I daren't!' But you can't explain it. You can only say it's the truth, and shrug your shoulders. Queer, incomprehensible things happen. There's one of them."

Geoffrey, however, understood only too well. He was familiar with many phases of warfare of which General Feversham took little account, such as, for an instance, the strain and suspense of the hours between the parading of the troops and the first crack of a rifle. He took that story with him, up the great staircase past the portraits to his bed. He fell asleep only in the grey of the morning, and only to dream of a crisis in some hard-fought battle when, through his cowardice, a necessary movement was delayed, his country worsted, and those dead men in the hall brought to irretrievable shame. Geoffrey's power to foresee in one flash all the perils to be encountered, the hazards to be run, had taught him the hideous possibility of cowardice. He was now confronted with the hideous fact. He could not afterwards clear his mind of the memory of that evening.



The stories were all of that terrible winter in the Crimea.

He grew up with it; he looked upon himself as a born coward, and all the time he knew that he was destined for the Army. He could not have avoided his destiny without an explanation, and he could not explain. But what he could do he did. He hunted deliberately, hoping that familiarity with danger would overcome the vividness of anticipations. But those imagined hours before the beginnings of battles had their exact counterpart in the moments of waiting while the covers were drawn. At such times he had a map of the countryside before his eyes, with every ditch and fence and pit underlined and marked dangerous; and though he rode straight when the hounds were off, he rode straight with a fluttering heart. Thus he spent his youth. He passed into Woolwich, and out of it with high honours; he went to India with his battery, and returned home on a two years' furlough. He had not been home more than a week when his father broke one morning into his bed-room in a great excitement.

"Geoff," he cried, "guess the news to-day!"

Geoffrey sat up in his bed.

"Your manner, Sir, tells me the news. War is declared."

"Between France and Germany."

Geoffrey said slowly—

"My mother, Sir, was of Germany."

"So we can wish that country all success."

"Can we do no more?" said Geoffrey, and he returned to the subject at breakfast-time.

The Fevershams now held property in Germany; influence might be exerted; it was only right that those who held a substantial stake in a country should venture something for its cause. The words came quite easily from Geoffrey's lips; he had been schooling himself to speak them ever since it had become apparent that Germany and France were driving to the collision of war. General Feversham laughed with content when he heard them.

"That's a Feversham talking," said he. "But there are obstacles, my boy. There is the Foreign Enlistment Act, for instance. You are half German, to be sure; but you are an English subject, and, by the Lord, you are all Feversham! No, I cannot give you permission to seek service in Germany. You understand, I cannot give you permission"; he repeated the words, so that the limit as well as the extent of their meaning might be fully understood, and as he repeated them he solemnly winked. "Of course, you can go to Germany; you can follow the army as closely as you are allowed. In fact, I will give you some introductions with that end in view. You will gain experience, of course; but to seek service—no. To do that, as I have said, I cannot give you permission."

The General went off chuckling to write his letters, and with them safely tucked away in his pocket, Geoffrey drove later in the day to the station. General Feversham did not encourage demonstrations. He shook his son cordially by the hand. "There's no way I would rather you spent your furlough. But come back, Geoff," said he. He was not an observant man, except in the matter of military detail, and of Geoffrey's object he had never the slightest suspicion. Had it been told him, however, he could only have considered it one of those queer inexplicable vagaries, like the history of his coward in the Crimea.

Geoffrey's action, however, was of a piece with the rest of his life. It was due to no sudden desperate resolve. He went out to the war as deliberately as he had ridden out to the hunting-field. The realities of battle might prove his anticipations more unnecessary torments of the mind. "If only I can serve as a volunteer, as a private, in any capacity, through this campaign," he thought, "I shall, at all events, know. And if I fail, I fail not in the company of my fellows. I disgrace only myself, not my name. But if I do not fail—" He drew a great breath; he saw himself waking up one morning without oppression, without the haunting dread that he was destined one day to slink in forgotten corners of the world, a pariah, destitute even of the courage to end his misery. He went out to the war because he was afraid of fear.

CHAPTER II.

On the evening of the capitulation of Paris two subalterns of German artillery were seated before a camp-fire on a slope of hill overlooking the town. To both of them the cessation of alarm was as yet strange and almost incomprehensible, and the sudden silence after so many months lived amongst the booming of cannon had even a disquieting effect. Both were particularly alert on this night when vigilance was never less needed. If a gust of wind caught the fire and drove the red glare of its flame like a ripple across the grass, one would be sure to look quickly over his shoulder; the other perhaps would lift a warning finger and listen to the shivering of the trees behind them. Then with a relaxation of his attitude he would say "All right," and light his pipe again at the fire. But after one such gust he retained his position.

"What is it, Feversham?" asked his companion.

"Listen, Max," said Geoffrey; and they heard a faint jingle. The jingle became more distinct; another sound was added to it, the sound of a horse galloping over hard ground. Both officers turned their faces away from the yellow entrenchment with its brown streak of gun below them, and looked towards a roofless white-walled farmhouse on the left, of which the rafters rose black against

the sky like a gigantic gallows. From behind that farmhouse an aide-de-camp galloped up to the fire.

"I want the officer in command of this battery," he cried out; and Geoffrey stood up.

"I am in command."

The aide-de-camp looked at the subaltern in an extreme surprise.

"You!" he exclaimed. "Since when?"

"Since yesterday," answered Feversham.

"I doubt if the General knows you have been hit so hard," the aide-de-camp continued. "But my orders are explicit. The officer in command is to take sixty men and march to-morrow morning into St. Denis. He is to take possession of that quarter, he is to make a search for mines and bombs, and wait there until the German troops march in." There was to be no repetition, he explained, of a certain unfortunate affair when the Germans, after occupying a surrendered fort, had been blown to the four winds. He concluded with the comforting information that there were ten thousand French soldiers under arms in St. Denis, and that discretion was therefore a quality to be much exercised by Feversham during his day of search. Thereupon he galloped back.

Feversham remained standing a few paces from the fire looking down towards Paris. His companion petulantly tossed a branch upon the fire.

"Luck comes your way, my friend," said he enviously.

Geoffrey looked up to the stars and down again to Paris, which, with its lights, had the look of a reflected starlit firmament. Individual lights were the separate stars, and here and there a gash of fire, where a wide thoroughfare cleared, made a sort of milky way.

"I wonder," he answered slowly.

Max started up on his elbow and looked at his friend in perplexity.

"Why! You have sixty men and St. Denis to command. To-morrow may bring you your opportunity." And again with the same slowness Geoffrey answered, "I wonder."

"You joined us after Gravelotte," continued Max. "Why?"

"My mother was German," said Feversham, and turning suddenly back to the fire, he dropped on the ground beside his companion.

"Tell me," he said in a rare burst of confidence, "do you think a battle is the real test of courage? Here and there men run away, to be sure. But how many fight, and fight no worse than the rest, by reason of a sort of cowardice? Fear of their companions in arms might dominate fear of the enemy."

"No doubt," said Max. "And you infer?"

"That the only touchstone is a solitary peril. When danger comes upon a man, and there is no one to see whether he shirks; when he has no friends to share his risks—that, I should think, would be the time when fear twists a man's bowels."

"I do not know," said Max. "All I am sure of is that luck comes your way and not mine. To-morrow you march into St. Denis."

Geoffrey Feversham marched down at daybreak, and formally occupied the quarter. The aide-de-camp's calculations were confirmed. There were at the least ten thousand French soldiers crowded in the district. Geoffrey's discretion warned him against any foolish effort to disarm them; he simply ignored their chassepots and bulging pouches, and searched the barracks, which the Germans were to occupy, from floor to ceiling. Late in the afternoon he was able to assure himself that his duty was ended. He billeted his men, and inquired whether there was a hotel where he could sleep the night. A French sergeant led him through the streets to an inn which matched in every detail of its appearance that dingy quarter of the town. The plaster was peeling from its walls, the window-panes were broken, and in the upper story and the roof there were yawning jagged holes where the Prussian shells had struck. In the dusk the building had a strangely mean and sordid look. It recalled to Feversham's mind the inns in the novels of the elder Dumas, and acquired thus something of their sinister suggestion. In the eager and arduous search of the day he had forgotten those apprehensions to which he had given voice by the camp-fire. They now returned to him with the relaxation of his vigilance. He looked up at the forbidding house. "I wonder," he said to himself.

He was met in the hall by a little obsequious man, who was full of apologies for the disorder of his hostelry. He opened a door into a large and dusty room.

"I will do my best, Monsieur," said he; "but food is not yet plentiful in Paris."

In the centre of the room was a large mahogany table, surrounded by chairs. The landlord began to polish the table with his napkin.

"We had an ordinary, Sir, every day before the war broke out. But most cheerful—every chair had its regular occupant. There were certain jokes, too, which every day were repeated. Ah! but it was like home. However, all is changed, as you see. It has not been safe to sit in this room for many a long month."

Feversham unstrapped his sword and revolver from his belt, and laid them on the table.

"I saw that your house had unfortunately suffered," he said.

"It is ruined, Sir," said the garrulous little man, "and

its master with it. Ah, war! It is a fine thing, no doubt, for you young gentlemen—but for us? I have lived in a cellar, Sir, under the ground, ever since your guns first woke us from our sleep. Look! I will show you!"

He went out from the dining-room into the hall, and from the hall into the street. Feversham followed him. There was a wooden trap in the pavement close by the wall, with an iron ring. The landlord pulled at the ring and raised the trap, disclosing a narrow flight of stone steps. Feversham bent forward and peered down into a dark cellar.

"Yes, it is there that I have lived. Come down, Sir, and see for yourself," and the landlord moved down a couple of steps. Feversham drew back. At once the landlord turned to him.

"But there is nothing to fear, Sir," he said, with a deprecating smile. Feversham coloured to the roots of his hair.

"Of course there is nothing," said he, and he followed the landlord. The cellar was only lighted by the trap-door, and at first Feversham, coming out of the daylight, could distinguish nothing at all. He stood, however, with his back to the light, and in time he began to see. A little truckle-bed with a patchwork counterpane stood at the end; the floor was merely hard earth; the furniture consisted of a stove, a stool, and a small deal table. And as Feversham took in the poverty of this underground habitation he suddenly found himself in darkness again. The explanation came to him at once: the entrance to the cellar had been blocked from the light. Yet he had heard no sound except the footsteps of the people in the street above his head. He turned and faced the steps. As he did so the light streamed down again; the obstruction had been removed, and that obstruction had not been the trap-door, as Feversham had suspected, but merely the body of some inquisitive passer-by. He recognised this with relief, and immediately heard voices speaking together, and, as it seemed to him, in lowered tones.

A sword rattled on the pavement, the entrance was again darkened, but Feversham had just time to see that the man who stooped down wore the buttons of a uniform and a soldier's képi. He kept quite still, holding his breath while the man peered down into the cellar. He remembered with a throb of hope that he had himself been unable to distinguish a thing in the gloom. And then the landlord knocked against the table and spoke aloud. At once the man at the head of the steps stood straight up. Feversham heard him cry out in French, "They are here!" and he detected a note of exultation in the cry. At the same moment a picture flashed before his eyes, the picture of that dusty, desolate dining-room up the steps, and of a long table, surrounded by chairs, upon which lay a sword and a revolver—his sword, his revolver. He had dismissed his sixty soldiers; he was alone.

"This is a trap," he blurted out.

"But, Sir, I do not understand," began the landlord; but Feversham cut him short with a whispered command for silence.

The cellar darkened again, and the sound of boots rang upon the stone steps. A rifle besides clanged as it struck against the wall. The French soldiers were descending. Feversham counted them by the light which escaped past their legs. There were three. The landlord kept the silence which had been enjoined upon him, but he fancied in the darkness that he heard someone's teeth chattering.

The Frenchmen descended into the cellar, and stood barring the steps. Their leader spoke—

"I have the honour to address the Prussian officer in command of St. Denis?"

The Frenchman got no reply whatever to his words, but he seemed to hear something sharply draw in a breath. He spoke again into the darkness, for it was now impossible for any one of the five men in the cellar to see a hand's breadth beyond his face.

"I am the Captain Plessy of Montandon's Division; I have the honour to address the Prussian officer?"

This time he received an answer, quietly spoken, yet with an inexplicable note of resignation.

"I am Lieutenant Feversham, in command of St. Denis."

Captain Plessy stepped immediately forward, and bowed. Now as he dipped his shoulders into the bow a gleam of light struck over his head into the cellar; and he could not be sure, but it seemed to him that he saw a man suddenly raise his arm as if to ward off a blow. Captain Plessy continued—

"I ask Lieutenant Feversham for permission for myself and my two officers to sleep to-night at this hotel"; and now he very distinctly heard a long sigh of inexpressible relief. Lieutenant Feversham gave him the permission he desired in a cordial, polite way. Moreover, he added an invitation.

"Your name, Captain Plessy, is well known to me, as to all on both sides who have served in this campaign, and to many more who have not. I beg that you and your officers will favour me with your company at dinner."

Captain Plessy accepted the invitation, and was pleased to deprecate the Lieutenant's high opinion of his merits. But his achievement, none the less, had been of a redoubtable character. He had broken through the lines about Metz, and had ridden across France into Paris without a single companion. In the sorties from that beleaguered town he had successively distinguished himself by his

fearless audacity. His name and reputation had travelled far, as Lieutenant Feversham was that evening to learn. But Captain Plessy, for the moment, was all for making little of his renown.

"Such small exploits should be expected from a soldier. One brave man may say that to another—is it not so?—and still not be thought to be angling for praise," and Captain Plessy went up the steps, wondering who it was that had drawn the long, sharp breath of suspense, and uttered the long sigh of immense relief—the landlord or Lieutenant Feversham. Captain Plessy had not been in the cellar at the time when the landlord had seemed to hear the chatter of a man's teeth.

The dinner was not a pronounced success, in spite of Feversham's avoidance of any awkward topic. He sat at the long table in the big, desolate, and shabby room, lighted only by a couple of tallow candles set in their candlesticks upon the cloth. And the two junior officers maintained an air of chilly reserve, and seldom spoke except when politeness compelled them. Feversham himself was absorbed—the burden of entertainment fell upon Captain Plessy. He strove nobly—he told stories, he drank a health to the "camaraderie of arms," he drew one after the other of his companions into an interchange of words if not of sympathies. But the strain told on him visibly towards the end of the dinner. His champagne-glass had been constantly refilled, his face was now a trifle overflushed, his eyes beyond nature bright, and he loosened the belt about his waist, and, at a moment when Feversham was not looking, the throat-buttons of his tunic. Moreover, while up till now he had deprecated any allusions to his reputation, he now began to talk of it himself, and in a particularly odious way.

"A reputation, Lieutenant, it has its advantages"; and he blew a kiss with his fingers into the air to designate the sort of advantages to which he referred. Then he leaned on one side to avoid the candle between Feversham and himself.

"You are English, my Commandant?" he asked.

"My mother was German," replied Feversham.

"But you are English yourself. Now, have you ever met in England a certain Miss Marian Beveridge?" And his leer was the most disagreeable thing that Feversham ever remembered to have set eyes upon.

"No," he answered shortly.

"And you have not heard of her?"

"No."

"Ah!"

Captain Plessy leaned back in his chair and filled his glass. Lieutenant Feversham's tone was not that of a man inviting confidences. But the Captain's brains were more than a little fuddled; he repeated the name over to himself once or twice with the chuckle which asks for questions, and since the questions did not come, he must needs proceed of his own accord.

"But I must cross to England myself; I must see this Miss Marian Beveridge. Ah! but your English girls are strange—name of Heaven, they are very strange."

Lieutenant Feversham made a movement. The Captain was his guest; he was bound to save him, if he could, from a breach of manners, and saw no way but this of breaking up the party. Captain Plessy, however, was too quick for him; he lifted his hand to his breast.

"You wish for something to smoke. It is true we have forgotten to smoke, but I have my cigarettes, and I beg you to try them; the tobacco, I think, is good, and you will be saved the trouble of moving."

He opened his case and reached it over to Feversham. But as Feversham, with a word of thanks, took a cigarette, the Captain upset the case as though

by inadvertence; there fell upon the table, under Feversham's eyes, not merely the cigarettes, but some of the Captain's visiting-cards and a letter. The letter was addressed to Captain Plessy in a firm character, but it was plainly the writing of a woman. Feversham picked it up, and at once handed it back to Plessy.

"Ah," said Plessy with a start of surprise. "Was the letter indeed in the case?" And he fondled it in his hands, and finally kissed it with the upturned eyes of a cheap opera-singer. "A pigeon, Sir, flew with it into Paris. Happy pigeon that could be the bearer of such sweet messages!"

He took out the letter from the envelope, and read a line or two with a sigh, and another line or two with a laugh.

"But your English girls are strange!" he said again. "Here is an instance, an example fallen by accident from

work of a quite innocent girl, who, because she knew the man to whom she wrote to be brave, therefore believed him to be honourable. She expressed her trust in the very last words: "You will not, of course, show this letter to anyone in the world. But I wrong you even by mentioning such an impossibility."

"But you have shown it," said Feversham.

His face was now grown of an extraordinary pallor; his lips twitched as he spoke, and his fingers worked in a nervous uneasy manner upon the tablecloth. Captain Plessy was in far too complacent a mood to notice such trifles. His vanity was satisfied; the world was a rosy mist with a sparkle of champagne, and he answered lightly as he unfastened another button of his tunic.

"No, my friend, I have not shown it. I keep the lady's wish."

"You have read it aloud. It is the same thing."

"Pardon me. Had I shown the letter I should have shown the name. And that would have been a dishonour of which a gallant man is incapable. Is it not so? I read it, and I did not read the name."

"But you took pains, Captain Plessy, that we should know the name before you read the letter."

"I? Did I mention a name?" exclaimed Plessy, with an air of concern and a smile upon his mouth which gave the lie to the concern. "Ah, yes. A long while ago. But did I say it was the name of the lady who had written the letter? Indeed, no. You make a slight mistake, my friend. I bear no malice for it, believe me—upon my heart, no! After dinner, and a little bottle of champagne, there is nothing more pardonable. But I will tell you why I read the letter."

"If you please," said Feversham, and the gravity of his tone struck upon his companion suddenly as something unexpected and noteworthy. Plessy drew himself together, and for the first time took stock of his host as of a possible adversary. He remarked the agitation of his face, the beads of perspiration upon his forehead, the restless fingers, and beyond all these a certain hunted look in the eyes with which his experience had made him familiar. He nodded his head once or twice slowly, as though he were coming to a definite conclusion about Feversham. Then he sat bolt upright.

"Ah," said he, with a laugh, "I can answer a question which puzzled me a little this afternoon," and he sank back again in his chair with an easy confidence, and puffed the smoke of his cigarette from his mouth.

Feversham was not sufficiently composed to

consider the meaning of Plessy's remark. He put it aside from his thoughts as an evasion.

"You were to tell me, I think, why you read the letter."

"Certainly," answered Plessy. He twisted his moustache; his voice had lost its suavity, and had taken on an accent of almost contemptuous railery. He even winked at his two brother-officers: he was beginning to play with Feversham. "I read the letter to illustrate how strange—how very strange—are your English girls. Here is one of them who writes to me. I am grateful—oh, beyond words—but I think to myself what a different thing the letter would be if it had been written by a Frenchwoman. There would have been some hints—nothing definite, you understand, but a suggestion, a delicate provoking suggestion, of herself, like a perfume, to sting one into a desire for a nearer acquaintance. She would delicately, and without any appearance of intrusion, have permitted me to know her colour, perhaps her height, perhaps even to catch an elusive glimpse of her face. Very likely a silk thread of hair would have been left inadvertently clinging to a sheet



He held the candle up, so that the light fell clearly on Feversham's face.

my cigarette-case, M. le Commandant. I will read it to you, that you may see how strange they are."

One of Plessy's subalterns extended his hand and laid it on his sleeve. Plessy turned upon him angrily, and the subaltern withdrew his hand.

"I will read it to you," he said again to Feversham. Feversham did not protest, nor did he now make any effort to move. But his face grew pale, he shivered once or twice, his eyes seemed to be taking the measure of Plessy's strength, his brain to be calculating upon his prowess; the sweat began to gather upon his forehead. Of these signs, however, Plessy took no note. He had reached, however inartistically, the point at which he had been aiming.

He was no longer to be balked of reading his letter. He read it through to the end, and Feversham listened to the end. It told its own story. It was the letter of a girl who wrote in a frank impulse of admiration to a man whom she did not know. There was nowhere a trace of coquetry, nowhere the expression of a single sentimentality. Its tone was pure friendliness; it was the

of the paper. She would sketch, perhaps, her home, and speak remorsefully of her boldness in writing. Oh, but I can imagine the letter: full of pretty subtleties, alluring from its omissions, a vexation and a delight from end to end. But this, my friend!" He tossed the letter carelessly upon the tablecloth. "I am grateful from the bottom of my heart, but it has no art."

At once Geoffrey Feversham's hand reached out and closed upon the letter.

"You have told me why you read it aloud."

"Yes," said Plessy, a little disconcerted by the quickness of Feversham's movement.

"Now I will tell you why I allowed you to read it to the end. I was of the same mind as that English girl whose name we both know. I could not believe that a man brave as I know you to be could, outside his bravery, be so contemptible."

The words were brought out with a distinct effort; none the less, they were distinctly spoken.

A startled exclamation broke from the two subalterns; Plessy commenced to blush.

"Sir, do I understand you?" And he saw Feversham standing above him, in a quiver of excitement. "You will hold your tongue, Captain Plessy, until I have finished. I allowed you to read the letter, never thinking but that some pang of forgotten honour would paralyse your tongue. You read it to the end. You complain there is no art in it, that it has no delicate provocations such as your own countrywomen would not fail to use. It should

remarked that afternoon in the cellar. He also heard Feversham speak immediately after he had drawn the breath.

"There are reparations for insults," said Feversham. Captain Plessy bowed. He was now almost as sober as when he had sat down to his dinner.

"We will choose a time and place," said he.

"There can be no better time than now," suddenly cried Feversham; "no better place than this. You have two friends, of whom, with your leave, I will borrow one. We have a large room and a candle apiece to fight by. To-morrow my duties begin again. We will fight to-night, Captain Plessy, to-night!" And he leaned forward almost feverishly—his words had almost the accent of a prayer. The two subalterns rose from their chairs, but Plessy motioned them to keep still. Then he seized the candle which he had himself blown out, lighted it from the candle at the far end of the table, and held it up above his head, so that the light fell clearly upon Feversham's face. He stood looking at Feversham for an appreciable time. Then he said quietly—

"I will not fight you to-night."

One of the subalterns started up, the other merely turned his head towards Plessy, but both stared at their Captain with an unfeigned astonishment and an unfeigned disappointment. Feversham continued to plead—

"But you must to-night, for to-morrow you cannot. To-night I am alone here, to night I give orders, to-morrow I receive them. You have your sword at your side

"You have not given me your real reason, Captain Plessy," he said. Captain Plessy did not answer a word.

"Good-night, gentlemen," said Feversham, and Captain Plessy bowed deeply as Feversham left the room.

A silence of some duration followed upon the closing of the door. The two subalterns were as perplexed as Feversham to account for their hero's conduct. They sat dumb and displeased. Plessy stood for a moment thoughtfully; then he made a gesture with his hands as though to dash the whole incident from his mind, and taking a cigarette from his case, proceeded to light it at the candle. As he stooped to the flame he noticed the glum countenances of his brother-officers, and laughed carelessly.

"You are not pleased with me, my friends," said he, and he threw himself on to a couch which stood against the wall opposite to his companions. "You think I did not speak the truth when I gave the reason of my refusal? Well, you are right. I will give you the real reason why I would not fight. It is very simple. I do not wish to be killed. I know these white-faced, trembling men—there are no men more terrible. They may run away; but if they do not, if they string themselves to the point of action—take the word of a soldier older than yourselves—then is the time to climb trees. To-morrow I should very likely kill our young friend; he would have had time to think, to picture to himself the little point of steel glittering towards his heart—but to-night he would assuredly



THE INTERCHANGE OF IDEAS ON MILITARY UNIFORM BETWEEN THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AND KING EDWARD VII.: EXAMPLES OF THE GERMAN SERVICE KIT.

be the more sacred on that account, and I am glad to believe that you misjudge your countrywomen. Captain Plessy, I acknowledge that as you read out that letter with its simple, friendly expression of gratitude for the spectacle of a brave man, I envied you heartily. I should have been very proud to have received it. I should have much liked to know that some deed which I had done had made the world for a moment brighter to someone a long way off with whom I was not acquainted. Captain Plessy, I shall not allow you to keep this letter. You shall not read it aloud again."

Feversham thrust the letter into the flame of the candle which stood between Plessy and himself. Plessy sprang up and blew the candle out, but little colourless flames were already licking along the envelope. Feversham held the letter downwards by a corner, and the colourless flames flickered up into a tongue of yellow, the paper charred and curled in the track of the flames, the flames leapt to Feversham's fingers; he dropped the burning letter on the floor and crushed it with his foot. Then he looked at Plessy and waited. He was as white as the tablecloth, his dark eyes seemed to have sunk into his head and burned unnaturally bright, every nerve in his body seemed to be twitching; he looked very like the young boy who used to sit at the dinner-table on Crimean nights and listen in a quiver to the appalling stories of his father's guests. As he had been silent then, so he was silent now. He waited for Captain Plessy to speak. Captain Plessy, however, was in no hurry to begin. He had completely lost his air of contemptuous raillery; he was measuring Feversham warily, with the eyes of a connoisseur.

"You have insulted me," he said abruptly, and he heard again that indrawing of the breath which he had

to-night; will you be wearing it to-morrow? I pray you, gentlemen, to help me!" he said, turning to the subalterns. And he began to push the heavy table from the centre of the room.

"I will not fight you to-night, Lieutenant," Captain Plessy repeated.

"And why?" asked Feversham, ceasing from his work. He made a gesture which had more of despair than of impatience.

Captain Plessy gave his reason. It rang false to every man in the room, and indeed he made no attempt to give to it any appearance of sincerity. It was a deliberate excuse, and not his reason.

"Because you are the Prussian officer in command, and the Prussian troops march into St. Denis to-morrow. Suppose that I kill you, what sort of penalty should I suffer at their hands?"

"None," exclaimed Feversham. "We can draw up an account of the quarrel, here, now. Look, here are paper and ink, and, as luck will have it, a pen that will write. I will write an account with my own hand, and the four of us can sign it. Besides, if you kill me, you can escape into Paris."

"I will not fight you to-night," said Captain Plessy, and he set down the candle upon the table. Then with an elaborate correctness he drew his sword from its scabbard and offered the handle of it to Feversham. "Lieutenant, you are in command of St. Denis. I am your prisoner of war."

Feversham stood for a moment or two with his hands clenched. The light had gone out of his face.

"I have no authority to make prisoners," he said. He took up one of the candles and gazed at his guest in perplexity.

have killed me. But, as I say, I do not wish to be killed. You are satisfied?"

It appeared that they were not. They sat with all the appearances of discontent. They had no words for Captain Plessy. Captain Plessy accordingly rose lightly from his seat.

"Ah!" said he, "my good friend the Lieutenant has, after all, left me my sword. The table, too, is already pushed sufficiently on one side. There is only one candle to see by, but it will serve. You are not satisfied, gentlemen? Then—" But both subalterns now hastened to assure Captain Plessy that they considered his conduct had been entirely justified.

THE END.

GERMAN SERVICE UNIFORM.

In view of the recent interchange of ideas between King Edward VII. and the German Emperor regarding army uniform, our illustrations of the German field service kit come with peculiar appropriateness. His Imperial Majesty, it will be remembered, a few days ago sent General Count von Moltke and Lieutenant von Usedom on a mission to the King, and with them came a sergeant who acted as model on the occasion when the uniforms in question were inspected and discussed. Germany is nothing if not practical in her army arrangements, and an examination of our pictures will reveal the adaptability of the costume to campaigning. King Edward was greatly interested in the outfit, and observed with minute attention the components, which he had packed and unpacked before him. The deputation also visited the War Office



Marie Antoinette (Mrs. Langtry).

"A ROYAL NECKLACE," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE: THE SCENE IN THE DAUPHIN'S BED-ROOM.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR: SCENES AT SINGAPORE.



WAYSIDE HOUSES NEAR SINGAPORE.



BOATS AT THE MOUTH OF SINGAPORE RIVER.

The distance from Colombo to Singapore, which is 1973 miles, was covered by the *Ophir* at an average speed of thirteen to fourteen knots. The *Ophir* led, brilliantly illuminated at night, the *Juno* following on her port quarter, and the *St. George* to starboard. The weather was hot throughout, but with mitigating thunderstorms, notably one, on Friday last week, which drenched those who slept on deck. The monotony of the voyage was relieved by the usual amusements on board, and by a little exchange of signalling between the three ships. One welcome message sent from the *Ophir* to the *Juno* and the *St. George* was that which promised the men sixty hours' leave at Melbourne and Sydney. "His Royal Highness hopes," the message concluded, "that the men of the squadron, from having a little more money in their pockets than they would have had if they had spent it in the great heat of Colombo, will thoroughly enjoy their leave in Australia." The crossing of the Line the Duke wished to be celebrated in the traditional manner. Thus, on Thursday last week, the *Ophir* signalled: "His Royal Highness received a telegram when at Colombo from Mr. and Mrs. Neptune expressing their intention of visiting the ships of the squadron on April 25. His Royal Highness hopes you will permit this visit, and as there must be many young men on board your ships who have not yet had the honour of a personal introduction to this old sea-dog, he trusts you will allow the ancient custom of the service to be carried out for the entertainment and amusement of the ship's company." The two ships entered into the fun. Captain Bush signalled: "Please inform his Royal Highness that I have ordered the hawse-plug to be kept open on the 25th for King Neptune and his wife and daughters, and I shall have the honour of presenting my débutantes to them."

Last Sunday was made "a movable feast," being celebrated on Saturday by divine service on board the *Ophir*, so that Sunday itself should be kept free for coaling at Singapore, which was reached at half-past seven in the morning. The ships lying in the roads were the *Arctusa*, *Aurora*, *Linnæ*, *Algerine*, and *Rosario*, as well as a Dutch war-ship, the *Piet Hein*,

roadway, and there were Chinese lanterns and many legends of greeting. At Johnson's Pier and other points a good many European ladies added to the general adornment. Marines and bluejackets were familiar figures—as familiar as the strains of the National Anthem—and the Sultan of Perak's Mounted Bodyguard were brilliant under the sunshine in their red costumes. The Duke himself wore a white naval uniform, and the Duchess was dressed in white and black.

Singapore, the City of the Lion, and therefore a sort of Venice of the East, is, as everyone knows, one of the Straits Settlements belonging to Great Britain in South-East Asia, so that in saying good-bye to Singapore their Royal Highnesses say good-bye to that "gorgeous East" which Venice itself once "held in fee." During its occupation by the English, who bought it from the Sultan of Johore, Singapore has vastly risen into importance. It is a great centre of trade with the islands of the Eastern Seas, with the Dutch East Indies, with Siam, France, and China. The annual value of this trade is now set down at about £50,000,000, where seventy years ago it was only £2,000,000. The town is well planned, well built, and apportioned into Malay, Chinese, Kling, Malabar, and European quarters. It lies on a small river in an open bay, with a fine suspension bridge as one of its features; while others are the Raffles Museum,



CAVANAGH BRIDGE, SINGAPORE.

Photo: C. Bradbury.

sent expressly to take part in the welcome. The Governor at once visited the Duke, also the Captains of the *Juno* and *St. George*. Then the Duke and Duchess landed in a barge, and were received by a brilliant company of naval, military, and civic officials, and a group of Chinese, gorgeous in silks and jewels. The decorated streets were crowded by Chinese and Malays as the royal party drove to the Governor's house. White awnings covered the

the Raffles, Lighthouse, the Protestant and Roman Catholic Cathedrals, the Botanical Gardens, Fort Canning, and the fine palace and gardens of the Governor—all of which were duly admired by the royal visitors, royally welcomed.

Leaving Singapore the royal party naturally began to look forward rather than backward. In this spirit they sent a cable to Lord Hoptoun to say that all was well.



A NATIVE HOUSE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF SINGAPORE.



PART OF RAFFLES PLACE (COMMERCIAL SQUARE), SINGAPORE.



THE DISCOVERY OF SUBMERGED STATUES AT CERIGO: THE DIVERS AT WORK.

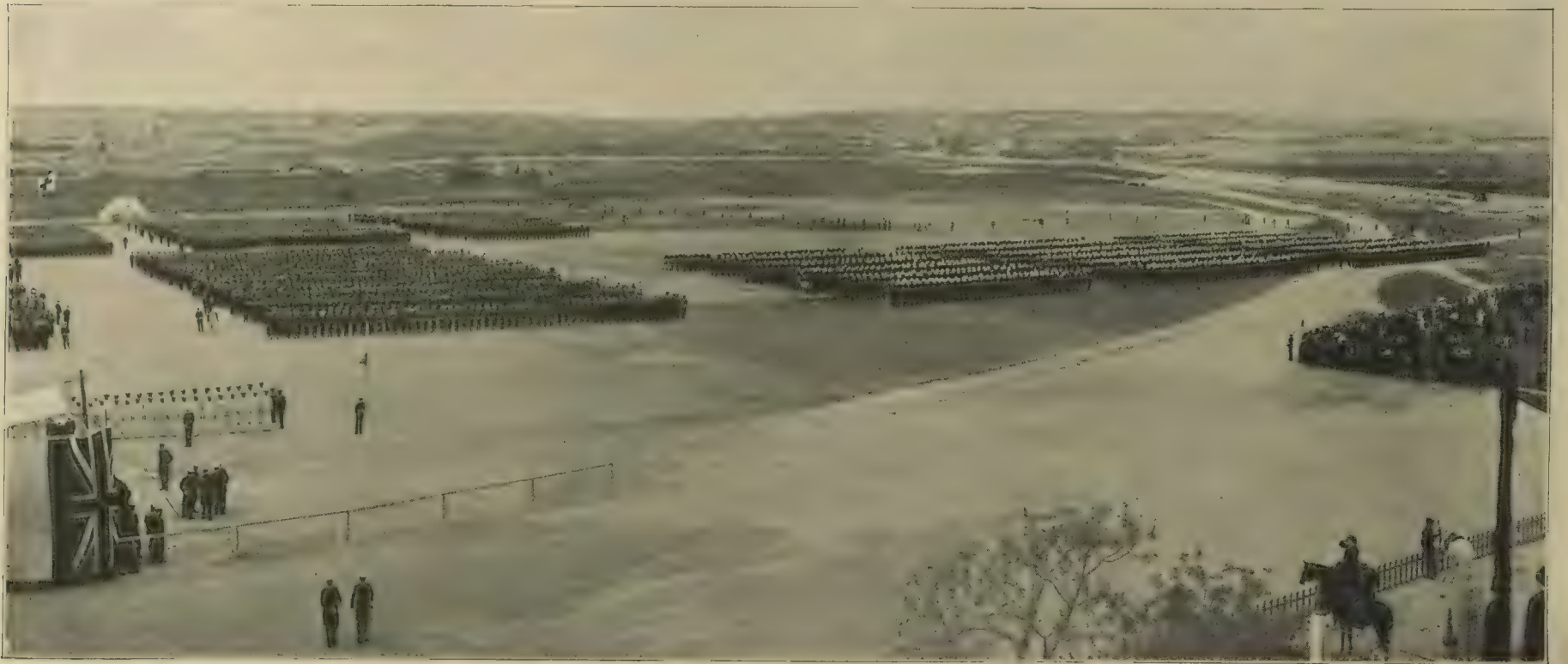


THE ANNUAL PROCESSION AT TUNIS IN MEMORY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYRS, PERPETUA AND FELICITA.

THE VISIT OF THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY TO MALTA.



THE REVIEW BEFORE THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.



THE REVIEW: THE BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES ON THE PARADE GROUND.



THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY PROCEEDING TO MALTA FROM SAN REMO IN H.M.S. "RENOWN," ESCORTED BY DESTROYERS, APRIL 13.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT KITSON, R.N., H.M.S. "RENOWN."



THE PRIVATE VIEW AT THE NEW GALLERY.



Mr. BROADBENT.

Mr. WYNDHAM, Mr. J. McALISTER, Mr. J. BAKER.

Sir M. Hicks Beach.

Mr. G. Balfour.

Mr. Ritchie.

Mr. Hargreaves.

Lord Stanley.

The Speaker.

Mr. J. Morley.

Mr. C. D. Spencer.

Mr. Sydney Buxton.

THE BUDGET OF 1901: SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, DELIVERING HIS ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT, APRIL 18

DRAWN BY S. BIGGS.

"I want a tax that everybody shall pay, and not only those who are privileged to pay the Income Tax or Death Duties, or those who indulge in alcohol or tobacco. Therefore I am bold enough to propose a duty on sugar."



.....AUSTRALASIAN WILD LIFE: THE CASSOWARY.....

THE AMERICA CUP CHALLENGER: LAUNCH OF "SHAMROCK II." AT DUMBARTON, APRIL 20.



Photo. Thiele.

"SHAMROCK II." AFLOAT: THE SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LAUNCH.



Photo. Thiele.

THE YACHT TOWED INTO DOCK.

Dumbarton was *en fête* on Saturday last week, when the new yacht built by Sir Thomas Lipton with intent to "lift" the America Cup in August was launched from the Leven shipyard. The workmen had a holiday, and were admitted with their families to the yard. The opposite banks of the Clyde were fringed by spectators, and into Dumbarton poured a steady stream of visitors, brought by train, boat, and cycle. From Glasgow Central Station came the special train bearing Sir Thomas Lipton and his guests, who included Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord Frederick Blackwood, Lord and Lady Blythwood, Lord Breadalbane, the Hon. Charles Russell, and Mr. and Mrs. Pirrie. Punctually—even a little before time, by a good augury—Lady Dufferin broke a bottle of wine over the bows of *Shamrock II.*, as she glided on the pontoons gracefully into the Clyde amidst an outburst of cheering that resounded from shore to shore, the firing of guns, the blowing of whistles, and the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and hands. If good wishes could secure *Shamrock II.* her victory, America might as well begin to pack up the Cup. Certainly she will do so with a very good grace,

if and when the occasion arises. That, at least, is the impression given by the bearing of the numerous American sporting journalists who were present on Saturday and entered with zest into the full spirit of the proceedings. The fact is that a good sportsman is a sportsman first and an American or an Englishman afterwards.

Shamrock II., designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and built by Messrs. William Denny and Brothers, carries a fuller beam, to stand up under a heavy pressure of canvas, than that borne by her predecessor. She also appears to have a cleaner run aft; but, on her lines, nothing could be seen but the topsides, and naturally the details are still shrouded in some secrecy. American onlookers say that she resembles the *Columbia*, has about 27 feet water-line, with an overhanging bow and stern of about 50 feet. The frames of the hull are of nickel steel, the deck is of steel, with a thin coating of yellow pine, the plating being of manganese bronze. Her topsides are white, relieved by a green stripe above the water-line. Underneath, on the day of the launch, she shone like burnished gold. The adoption of manganese bronze proves that our

designers have followed American opinion in its reaction against aluminium.

Luncheon was served to a number of guests in Messrs. Denny's model-room. In reply to the toast "*Shamrock II.*," proposed by the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Thomas Lipton thanked the designer and builders for the unremitting care which they have devoted to the construction of the yacht. "We will go across the seas full of hope this time that we will lift the trophy," Sir Thomas then handed a souvenir gold bangle to Lady Dufferin; "the godmother of this yacht"; and other ladies present had for a trophy a ring of manganese bronze. The crew of the *Shamrock* afterwards unharnessed Sir Thomas's horses and drew his carriage along the road amid the enthusiastic cheering of the crowd. *Shamrock II.*, after all these festivities in her honour, was towed up to Prince's Dock, Glasgow, where she is to be fitted out. After that she will, according to common rumour, be seen in the Solent, together with her sister boat. An interesting moment will be that in which they test their sails against each other in friendly but significant combat.



Photo. Thiele.

A SYMBOL OF THREE KINGDOMS: THE PONTOONS "THISTLE" AND "ROSE," AND THE YACHT "SHAMROCK II."

This is the only published picture showing the keel and supporting pontoons before launching.



Photo. Bolak.

THE YACHT, SUPPORTED BY PONTOONS, TAKING THE WATER.

The water at Dumbarton was too shallow to float the yacht, which was accordingly supported by pontoons.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is not my province to enter into the controversy with regard to the stolen and supposedly recovered "Gainsborough." The two crucial questions in connection with the picture will probably be settled by a jury of experts selected from the curators of the foremost art-galleries in Europe. To begin with, they will have to decide whether the canvas bought at the dispersal of the late Mr. Wynne-Ellis's collection was the identical portrait of the famous Duchess that left the easel of the great English painter; in the second place, they will have to determine whether the painting brought back from America is the self-same one that was cut from its stretcher on that May morning a quarter of a century ago. They—the experts—will have an arduous task, and in the event of their verdict being unanimous on both points, there will still be dissentients from it, whether the decision proclaim the presentment to be the original or a skilfully executed copy.

The reason for this expected opposition is not far to seek. It is to be found in the unwritten history of the "frauds and forgeries of the brush." The annals of painting swarm with them, and were they gathered into a volume there would probably be a serious decrease in the buying of old masters by millionaires on the mere strength of either the supported or unsupported testimony of the most notable judges. For all those tricks and deceptions were so cleverly executed as to deceive the judges themselves. In the "Gainsborough affair" we are confronted with the positive assertion of some members of the firm which was the victim of the robbery as to the identity of the portrait that has come back with that which was purloined. Cheap scepticism and unwarranted suspicion might easily invalidate those utterances by the retort that they are preaching for their own parish; or by the counter-assertion of their being experienced picture-dealers, but not technically and scientifically educated art critics: I prefer not to use such arguments. I would sooner take it for granted that their many years of constant handling, especially of old English masters, has given them that surety of vision acquired by the renowned custodians of museums through laborious study from boyhood.

As it happens, though, even such custodians have been over and over again deceived, and from sheer professional pride are unwilling to acknowledge the fact. I am bound to remember the scope and policy of this Journal, which rigorously avoids all polemics on no matter what subject; but I may remind the reader that as late as six years ago there was in the *Nineteenth Century* an article relating to a picture in the National Gallery, proclaimed to be authentic by Sir Frederick Burton and Mr. (now Sir) Edward Poynter, and as unhesitatingly pronounced to be either a copy or spurious by Dr. Jean Paul Richter and other European authorities in pictorial matters. Neither of these was convinced.

Thus far men who have made the study of the various schools the pursuit of their life. Let us look at the private collector, who endeavours to gather around him masterpieces of the brush. Some are inspired by a genuine love of art, others simply act from sheer vanity and love of ostentation. It is reasonable to assume, though, that whatever the motive by which he is actuated, the possessor of a valuable painting bestows some attention upon it now and again. There may be exceptions, but I will not deal with them. By dint of looking and looking at his property for many years, its possessor becomes familiar with all its points, and it would seem almost impossible to palm off a copy upon him. Yet the seemingly impossible has occurred before now.

One of the most famous art-collectors of the first decade of the nineteenth century gave his small collection of pictures to be cleaned while he was absent from Paris. On his return they were all in their accustomed places; and shortly afterwards he received a visit from one of his friends, the celebrated expert, Jean Baptiste Lebrun, the husband of the not less celebrated Madame Vigée Lebrun. "What has become of your Teniers?" asked the visitor. "My Teniers?" was the answer; "why, here it is." "That's a copy, not your original." "That's my Teniers," insisted his host, turning the panel and showing him the seal attached to it. But it was not his original—it was a copy. The panel had been skilfully sawn in two, a marvellous copy having been painted on the part returned to the collector. The original was recovered. I could give the names of all the parties concerned, but for the fact of their descendants being alive.

Teniers himself, who has been fraudulently copied scores of times, was a most unscrupulous forger. He had a marvellous facility for imitating his contemporaries, and he sold the imitations as originals. He tried to justify his frauds and forgeries by pointing to the practice of the great masters, and notably the Italians themselves. "They have and had their pictures 'replicated' and 'duplicated' by their pupils, and then they sell them as their own," he said. "Assuredly I am as good a painter as any of their learners!" He spoke the truth. There are, in the public and private galleries of Europe at least a hundred so-called "Rafaelos" in the execution of which the great Sanzio scarcely put a brush. His studio was, in fact, little short of a factory for those substitutes, and his principal auxiliary in those deceptions was his favourite pupil, Giulio Pippi, whom the French call "Jules le Romain." It is only the most experienced that know how to distinguish between the master and his lieutenant, the latter's colouring being somewhat more opaque and darker than the former's. Andrea del Sarto pretty well adopted a similar system, and did not hesitate to copy Raphael, the best-known instance of such a forgery being that of the portrait of Leo X., the original of which was in the possession of Octavius de Medicis, and was coveted by the Duke of Mantua, who obtained from Clement VII. the order that it should be sent to him (the Duke). It was not sent, but a copy by Andrea del Sarto was sent, which deceived even Pippi, who had worked at the draperies of the original. It was Vasari who discovered the fraud.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. THOMAS (Exmouth).—Mrs. Baird's problem fully deserves your commendation, and has puzzled several of our best solvers. We are sorry to learn under what difficulties and anxieties your solutions have been obtained.

C. BURNETT (Biggleswade).—The only thing wrong that our "eagle eye" discovered was that 1. Q to Q 5th does not solve the problem.

E. SAUNDERS (Southend).—Probably Mr. Blackburne's collection would be the next best. We do not know the publisher, but a copy could be obtained through any bookseller.

MARTIN F.—We are sorry we cannot say. Probably if you search our columns in the "sixties" you may find what you want.

RED ROOK AND OTHERS.—There is not a second solution to Problem No. 2973 by 1. B to B sq.

EDGEMORE HENRY.—We have not seen the book reviewed, and cannot give you the publisher's address. Write to David Nutt, Charing Cross Road.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2966 received from E. H. Van Noorden (Cape Town); of No. 2967 from Walter St. Clair Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 2968 from Richard Burke (Teldenia, Ceylon); of No. 2970 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2971 from G. T. Hughes (Dublin); T. College Halliburton (Jedburgh); and Rev. E. Gates (Kettering); of No. 2972 from Emile Frau, C. M. A. B., M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), J. W. (Campsie), Edward J. Sharpe, and J. Thomas (Exmouth).

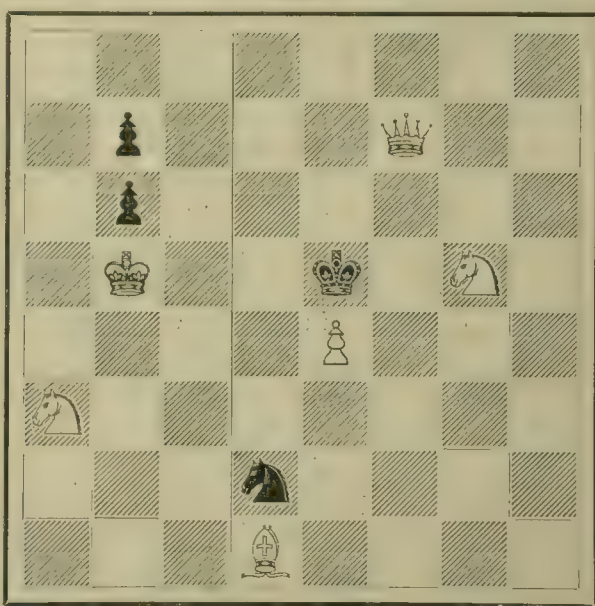
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2973 received from F. R. Pickering, F. Dalby, Edward J. Sharpe, C. E. Perugini, G. T. Hughes (Dublin), C. M. A. B., E. Fear Hill (Trowbridge), T. Roberts, F. H. Marsh (Bridport), R. Wooters (Canterbury), Laura Greaves (Shelton), W. A. Lillieo (Edinburgh), E. J. Winter Wood, Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen), Edith Corser (Reigate), H. Le Jeune, W. Millington (Lancaster), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Albert Wolff (Putney), F. W. C. (Wallingford), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), T. College Halliburton (Jedburgh), Edward M. Fyson (Higham), W. A. B. (Uppingham), Dr. Fiddwell (Morecambe), Dr. Goldsmith, Charles Burnett, F. W. Moore (Brighton), Julia Short (Exeter), Shadforth, W. H. Bohn (Worthing), Red Rook, A. B. Nunn, F. J. S. (Hamstead), Hereward, Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), E. Saunders (Southend), Clement C. Danby, Edward Bull (Chelsea), J. A. S. Hanbury (Moseley), J. F. Moon, Thomas C. Gordon (Balham), T. G. (Ware), Frank S. Subsole (Faversham), Sorrento, and J. Thomas (Exmouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2972.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 4th K to K 5th
2. Kt to Q 2nd (ch) K to B 4th or Q 4th
3. Q or Kt mates.
If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, 2. Q to B 8th (ch); if 1. P to B 3rd, 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch); if 1. P to R 7th, 2. B takes R (ch); if 1. P to B 4th, then 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch); and 3. P or Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2975.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LANCASHIRE.

Game played in Southport between Messrs. J. S. McKean and G. W. Blythe.

(Philidor's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. McK.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P to K B 4th

Black favours this peculiar variation, to which, years ago, some attention was devoted by a few experts. The whole game turns upon this one critical feature, and it creates numerous interesting points worthy of full analyses. The common move P takes P is well known, and leads to a game which, to say the least, is not in Black's favour.

4. P takes K P B takes K P
5. Kt to Kt 5th P to Q 4th
6. P to K 6th P to B 3rd

This is a key-move of Black's variation. Its effect is the loss of a Rook temporarily, with a strong counter attack.

7. Kt to B 7th Q to B 3rd
8. Kt takes R P to Kt Kt 3rd
9. Kt takes P

If 9. Kt to B 7th, P to K R 3rd; 10. P to K 7th, B to Kt 2nd; 11. Kt to Q 8th, Q or K takes P; 12. Kt takes B, P takes Kt, etc. It appears that the Knight cannot by any means escape.

10. P to Q B 3rd P takes Kt
11. B to K 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
12. Kt to Q 2nd

Here we think White, with the clear exchange to the good, begins to go wrong. He could play Q to Q 2nd, followed by P to Q R 4th or K R 4th, B to K 2nd, etc., with some chance of attack.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Messrs. B. Shawroff and S. Rosenkrantz.

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd

By a simple transposition of moves, a Petroff Defence is easily converted into a Four Knights Game.

4. P to Q 4th
B to Kt 5th is safe for White, but this is an innovation is more vigorous.

5. B to K Kt 5th P takes Kt
6. Kt takes P Q to K 2nd
7. B takes Kt Q takes P (ch)

Probably this is the point where Black goes astray. It was not good to be tempted by a Pawn, as the difficulty about the safety of both King and Queen leads to ultimate loss of the game.

8. B to K 2nd P takes B

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. R.)
9. Kt to Kt 5th Q to K 4th
10. Castles P to Q R 3rd

It is interesting to note the many possibilities of attack here, whether Black Castle or not—as in the very interesting after-play, in which White displays uncommonly good judgment and strategy.

11. R to K sq Q to Q sq
12. B to B 3rd Q to Q B 4th
13. B takes Kt P takes B

14. Q to B 3rd Q to Kt 4th
15. Kt to Q 4th R to Q 4th
16. Q R to Q sq B to Q 3rd
17. Kt to K 4th Q to Kt 3rd

18. Kt takes B P takes Kt
19. Kt takes P (ch) P takes Kt
20. R takes P (ch) B to Q 2nd
21. Q takes P Q to K B 4th
22. K R to Q sq Q to Kt 4th
23. R takes B (ch) Resigns.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There is probably no question of greater moment in respect of its intimate relation both to public and personal health than that which concerns our milk-supply. Milk, as a fluid which enters every house, is invested with high importance on the head of its universal consumption alone; but when we add to this fact another—that dealing with the liability of this article to convey disease to us—the peculiarly practical features of the milk question require no further demonstration. Yet with all these plain assertions about milk in relation to health, we find people neglecting the subject in an apathy that would be ridiculous, were it not a matter of very great gravity. While it is indubitable that health authorities have vastly improved the conditions under which our milk-supply is furnished to us, it is equally clear that much more remains to be done before we can congratulate ourselves on the remission of the risks we run from imbibing impure milk.

There is no movement which we should all regard with greater interest than that which has for its aim the sterilising of milk—a process tantamount to rendering it free from noxious microbes. That milk is capable of conveying tuberculosis to us is a proved fact, and that epidemics of scarlet fever are mostly begotten of milk which comes from a source of supply where that ailment is present is another fact that health-reports too often illustrate. Typhoid fever also, and diphtheria, may come to us in infected milk; and in the hot season of the year, when the death-rate of hand-fed infants under one year old goes up with a bound from "infantile cholera," it is polluted milk which is responsible for the massacre of the innocents. I need not add to the list of the ailments wherewith milk that is of impure character, arising from one cause or another, may afflict us.

I have said that things have much improved of late years in the matter of dealing with our milk-supplies. Dairy companies see first of all to the health of their cows, their milking arrangements are all sanitariously supervised, the health of their employes is daily inspected, and the milk itself is or should be sterilised before delivery to the customers. This is what private enterprise can do for the solution of the milk question, and that such enterprise pays there can be no manner of doubt. Dairy companies which have established a reputation, and have everything to lose if any laxity in their practices crept in, pay, and pay well, and nobody can grudge them their profits. It is surely better to pay a little more for one's milk, to ensure its purity, than to expend a good deal more than the extra on the milk bill in doctor's fees, to say nothing of the pain and misery entailed by disease-attack. What strikes me, however, as anomalous is that the sterilisation of milk should not long ago have become a municipal matter. If I take fever, and if I am unable to secure medical attendance or to disinfect myself and my clothing, the municipality will board and lodge me in a fever hospital free of all expense, and will secure my clothing against all chance of its conveying infection by running it through a patent disinfectant. What is done to prevent infection by the authorities, it might be contended, should be equally efficiently performed by them in the prevention of milk-produced disease. If tuberculosis is conveyed by infected milk, somebody ought to see that such milk is robbed of its disease-producing powers. That "somebody," I contend, is the authority that presides over our civic destinies.

I can see that this argument of mine for the municipal sterilisation of milk may be met by the contention that just as our railway service is much better managed by private enterprise and by competing bodies, so the sterilisation of milk is likely to be more efficiently effected by private companies than by civic bodies. True this may be; but what if the sterilised milk does not reach the poorer classes, in whose case the development of tuberculosis and other diseases is, to say the least, much more likely to be effected by impure milk than in the case of their better-off neighbours? It might be possible to have a compromise, which would allow private companies to continue their work unaffected, while at the same time we provided for the sterilisation of milk supplied to the masses. What the sanitarian contends for is, that until we attain his particular millennium in the matter—a race of cows in which tuberculosis is unknown—we should sterilise all milk, and save thousands of lives every year, and especially the lives of little children, from tubercular attack.

Meanwhile, I must confess, the private enterprise of which I have spoken is teaching the world what may be done to give people a pure milk-supply. I find that a large proportion of the milk supplied to Bristol and Bath, for example, is duly "Pasteurised" by private companies. Here all germs are not necessarily removed from or destroyed in the milk, but all disease-producing ones undoubtedly are killed, and the nutritious character of the milk is not affected thereby. Big London companies also sterilise their product, and the other day there was published an account of the operations of Herr Bolle in Berlin, where a very perfect system of milk-purification on a large scale exists.

I learn that in 1871 the Berlin establishment distributed 500,000 gallons of milk; to-day it supplies seven millions of gallons, this amount being consumed by 50,000 families. By means of special apparatus all the milk—derived from various sources—which is received is Pasteurised; while other products—such as butter, cream-cheese, and the like—are made under equally stringent regulations as to their purity. The effect of these measures on the infant mortality of Berlin, if we are to credit plain figures, has been excellent. In 1871 the mortality per 100 children born was 30; in ten years, we are told, it fell to 27.1; and in 1899 decreased to 23.4. How much disease in adults has also been prevented we may readily judge. My argument is that what is only now a partial measure should become universal if we are to progress in a practical fashion in the great work of saving life from preventable disease.

The Recent Trouble in Gambia.



1. Group of Gambia Officials. The Names from left to right are: Colonel Burke (Commanding Field Force), Captain Arthur, Sir George Denton (Administrator), Lieutenant Sproston, Major Bryan.

2. Market Scene, Bathurst.
3. Monument to the Memory of Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the West India Regiment.
4. Wellington Street, the Main Thoroughfare of Bathurst.

5. Macarthy Square, Bathurst.
6. Government House, Gambia.
7. Native Soldiers' Wives from Central Africa at Bathurst.
8. The Barracks at Bathurst.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Diary of the Unionist Parliament 1895-1900. By Henry W. Lucy. Bristol: Arrow-smith.

La Revue de Paris. London: Fisher Unwin. 2s.

The Painters of Florence from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). With Illustrations. (London: Murray. 6s.

Egypt and the Hinterland. By Frederic Walter Fuller. London: Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

A Cardinal and His Conscience. By Graham Hope. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)

A Secretary of Legation. By Hope Dawlish. London: Methuen. 6s.

Plays for Puritans. By George Bernard Shaw. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.

The English Turf. By Charles Richardson. Edited by E. T. Sachs. London: Methuen. 15s.

Mr. Lucy has published his fourth volume of Parliamentary history, with some characteristic sketches by Mr. E. T. Reed. It is a good deal more than a register, for it has a quality of humour that is just as fresh as when Mr. Lucy began to write his Parliamentary diaries nearly thirty years ago. The scene and the *dramatis personæ* of the House of Commons have never grown stale to him. His personal portraits—notably those of Mr. Chamberlain (to whom this volume is dedicated), Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Balfour—show insight and impartiality. It is impossible for Mr. Lucy, even in the judicial atmosphere of the Press Gallery, to be always just. No man could spend so many years in Parliamentary society without forming some prejudices. But of animus, in the serious sense, there is none. That Mr. Lucy can be a fearless critic is shown by his handling of Mr. Chamberlain; and that Mr. Chamberlain can appreciate fearless criticism is shown by the dedication. Mr. Reed's pictures need no commendation. They are delightfully familiar to every student of *Punch*.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has undertaken the publication of the fortnightly *Revue de Paris* in London, and the number dated April 1 (the first under his auspices) contains among other contributions an article by Sir Charles Dilke on "La Réforme de l'Armée Anglaise." Sir Charles Dilke takes up the cudgels for our present system of recruiting versus conscription, and in his opinion, owing to our sea-girt isle, we are not in the danger our French critics seem to imagine. M. Melegari writes a long and interesting article on "Un Poète Populaire à Rome"—G. G. Belli, who was born in 1791, and, following in the footsteps of Pasquino, published a series of satirical verses levelled for the most part at Pope Gregory XVI. It is curious to learn that Belli, in later life, deplored his early work, and actually petitioned the Pope for an appointment. He remains, however, in the eyes of the Italians what he aspired at one time to be—the Italian Voltaire. From the quotations, which are very numerous, it is evident that Belli possessed the most intimate knowledge of the habits and customs of the populace of Rome. Fiction also has its place in the *Revue de Paris*, for there is not only a serial, but also a complete story entitled "Le Rival," by Henri de Régnier.

Much matter can hardly be put into a small space, and a small book on a great subject usually has little matter; nevertheless, it may do well with its possibilities, and the most be made of a narrow room. So it is with Mrs. Ady's new book. Her subject is a wide one, and Michelangiolo himself has a chapter. Biography as we have it from old records is very much briefer than criticism as we have it from modern industry, and Mrs. Ady deals chiefly with biography. She uses the labours of the critic to decide points of fact rather than points of taste, and therefore deals very little with Ruskin, and much with those who are more precise in the kind of knowledge that depends upon facts than he could be, working as he did at first hand on new ground, and with only the research that one man almost unaided is able to achieve. Those who are anxious to have, above all, their facts as to disputed authenticity and authorship perfectly secure cannot do better than use Mrs. Ady's little volume as a handbook. Those who care rather for speculation and theory will acknowledge to-day, as they did fifty years ago, that it is impossible to visit Florentine gallery and church to any vital purpose without Ruskin. All other writing and every other guide are dull in comparison with his spirit and wit. In the ranks of these secondary students, however, Mrs. Ady is by no means dull. She writes with knowledge of technical things and with feeling and interest of the masters to whom (as to all masters of the great schools) subject was all-important. Technique has never been really fine except in the work of those who obviously gave it a secondary place, and modern critics who put it in the first place run the risk of ruining precisely what they intend to honour; the second place has its own proper and peculiar dignity, which is not that of the first. Mrs. Ady has shown her appreciation of all the many qualities of art in the great time, qualities that have their own unalterable order; and—whether she has a like understanding of the other Italian schools we cannot tell—her feeling for the Tuscans is perfectly sympathetic. Each master is presented by a work that is generally recognised as among his best, and her book is really a very delightful gallery of the painters of this wonderful province

of immemorial art. Her readers have in their hands the exquisite "Pallas" of Botticelli, the glorious "Journey of the Kings" of Benozzo Gozzoli, Angelico's loveliest "Annunciation," Masaccio's "Adam and Eve," Filippo Lippi's "Nativity," Verrocchio's famous profile "Lady," Andrea del Sarto's best "Madonna," and so on with the rest; but, curiously enough, neither Leonardo da Vinci nor Michelangiolo has an illustration.

In "Egypt and the Hinterland" Mr. Fuller gives proof of the good account to which well-digested book knowledge may be turned by one whose personal acquaintance with a country is not necessarily of life-long duration. He appears to have assimilated everything that has been written concerning Egypt and the Soudan during the nineteenth century, and has achieved very fair measure of success in his endeavour to produce a handy work of reference. While it cannot be said that fresh light is thrown upon any of the problems which make the government of Egypt the most complex and difficult administrative task England has ever undertaken, Mr. Fuller certainly succeeds in bringing several important points into higher relief. Thus, we knew that English for the last few years had been more generally studied in Egyptian schools than French; but, the extent of the change is perhaps not fully understood. In 1889 the percentage of pupils learning French was seventy-four to twenty-six learning English; while in 1899 only twenty-two per cent. were studying French, against seventy-eight per cent. who, of their own free will, or that of their parents, were devoting themselves to the study of English. The School of Law is the sole exception to the rule that English is replacing French; and this is explained by the fact that French is the predominant language in the Mixed Tribunals. One of the most noteworthy measures recently taken by the Government to alleviate the condition of the fellaheen has been the scheme of small loans to cultivators. The Egyptian fellah, like the ryot of India, is but too prone to fall into the

George Trehearne's past is full in view. The Secretary who is the hero of the story (not the lady's husband, who is a model of the virtues) is represented as addicted to the racecourse and the gaming-table; he is also an inveterate flirt, but he contrives to remain something of a hero in spite of all; and that is a point in the writer's favour. It is a pity that the story, as a whole, is so sensational, because here and there a hint of better things may be detected, and the love-making is very delicate and charming. But for that the book might very well be condemned as of no account whatever. In any case it is not likely to make much impression, because the author has essayed a task that is beyond his (or her) skill.

It will probably never be known whether Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a serious person who ought to be taken frivolously, or a frivolous person who ought to be taken seriously. The truth about this most elusive writer probably lies midway between the two statements—to wit, that he is a frivolously serious person who ought to be regarded with serious frivolity, and this view would seem to obtain some support from his "Plays for Puritans," a collection of three dramas constructed upon what Mr. George Bernard Shaw conceives to be the true lines of dramatic art. Lest these lines should not be discovered by the critic, Mr. Shaw, in a prefatory essay entitled "Why for Puritans?" sets forth his theory in detail. For three years, he tells us, it was his unhappy fate to act as dramatic critic for a newspaper, and the constant round of theatre-going left him, he would persuade us, a moral and physical wreck. His suffering, however, with truly Æschylean appropriateness, brought knowledge. The modern drama, Mr. Shaw considers, errs greatly in deriving its main interest from what is conventionally termed the passion of love as between persons of exalted station. To this sentiment we pander in order that a pit and gallery frequented by young people of ordinary upbringing may gloat over a scene which they fondly imagine presents a true picture of aristocratic life. Accordingly,

in "The Devil's Disciple"

Mr. Shaw has striven to touch a common theme wherein most things are in opposition to the ordinarily accepted dramatic delineation of passion. The hero, instead of being a pattern of virtue, is frankly the avowed disciple of the devil, and any magnanimous action he performs is not for love of the woman, however the uninitiated may misconceive it, but simply because a man is placed in a position where his sacrifice is, so to speak, the readiest course of action; and he takes it. At the same time, it may be doubted whether Mr. Shaw departs very far from ancient tradition; for his "devil's disciple" is, after all, the one virtuous man of the piece, and differs only in name from Mr. Shaw's abhorred stage hero. The second play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," has already been discussed at length in these columns. The third, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," can scarcely be considered illustrative of Mr. Shaw's theory, for

it is simply a delicious piece of extravagance, and a more or less intentional parody of "Antony and Cleopatra." The history is pretty sound, the archæology, if Shawesque, more than tolerable, and the attitude, of course, preposterously and designedly modern. Perhaps the most admirable piece of parodic fooling is the description of Cæsar's British Secretary, who went into a fight uttering the barbarous cries of his countrymen, and declaring himself a match for any ten Egyptians. Mr. Shaw's hatred of the love passion is, of course, sufficiently vindicated in the passages between Cæsar and Cleopatra; but the passion is just in the very slightest degree pandered to even in this play by the undeniable suggestion of Cleopatra's very human and downright adoration of Antony's goodly presence. It is a thousand pities that a theatrical manager cannot be found rich enough or adventurous enough to stage this truly remarkable piece.

In his very excellent book on "The English Turf," Mr. Charles Richardson deals with racing in a descriptive spirit, and with the racehorse in a critical spirit to which that animal and his admirers are not accustomed. The people who go to the races as sightseers with no very profound interest in the horses running, but bent on taking their pleasure with the least possible trouble, will appreciate the exhaustive descriptions of stands, courses, etc., at Newmarket, Ascot, Epsom, Chester, and elsewhere. Newmarket has lately achieved fame in an entirely novel direction as the scene of a strike by the stablemen—a thing unheard of in Turf history. Mr. Richardson makes it abundantly clear that the "lads" at Newmarket have a real grievance, the cost of living at the headquarters of racing being greater probably than in any other town in the kingdom. As regards racing itself, he holds Ascot the best meeting of the year: the stakes are more valuable, there are more long races, and the class of horse engaged is higher than at any other meeting. Mr. Richardson has much to say about recent innovations: the successful American trainer, still more successful American jockey, and the importation of sound thoroughbred stock from Australia. As one who has made the Turf a life-study, his opinions are entitled to weight, and he expresses them with a temperate straightforwardness that recalls the utterances of Lord Durham, to whom the book is dedicated.

[For a List of Books Received, see page 597.]



TOWARDS SAKKARA.

Reproduced from "Egypt and the Hinterland," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

hands of the rapacious money-lender; and though the scheme has hardly gone beyond the experimental stage, results so far have been eminently satisfactory. Mr. Fuller has no qualms concerning the reconquest of the Soudan: like other higher authorities, he holds it to have been necessary and right, both as means of removing a menace to the continued existence of Egypt as a country and as means of limiting the slave-raider's area of operations. The larger issues of politics and economy occupy the bulk of the work; but the chapter on the Genii and Magicians suggests that Mr. Fuller might give us an amusing book on the by no means unwritten subject of the fellah's domestic life and ideas.

Unconsidering people who read "A Cardinal and His Conscience" will probably lay it down with the conviction that the conscience in question was practically non-existent; and they will not be very far wrong, for in spite of his kindly intention, the author has not succeeded in showing that conscience was commonly the mainspring of the actions of Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine. He did what seemed good in his own eyes with a fine disregard of consequences: when he deliberately did what was right it seems to have been love and not conscience that led him. But perhaps that is commonly the effect of a pure love. The book presents a very fair picture of the intrigues and the political considerations which led the powerful Guises, with the Cardinal of Lorraine at their head, to plunge France into what has often been called a war of religion; and on the part of the Huguenots it doubtless was such. But the main interest of this story lies not so much with the war as with the Cardinal himself; and he moves through its pages a splendid, solitary figure, fated always to be more feared than loved. The end is tragedy, but it is a fine end, for all that.

"The privilege which her acquaintances enjoyed was the *entrée* to her salon, euphemism for a fashionable gambling hell." One does not expect very much in the way of virtue from the lady to whom such a sentence is applied, even although she has become the wife of the First Secretary of Legation at Zafia, and has dropped her past as far out of sight as may be. Unfortunately, a "past" is very difficult to bury, and would appear to have more lives than a cat, and before one has turned over many pages of "A Secretary of Legation," Mrs.

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL TIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, APRIL 20.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.



TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR V. SHEFFIELD UNITED: THE KICK OFF.

The final tie for the Football Association Cup, always a popular event, maintained its character last Saturday, when at least 114,000 persons assembled to witness the game. Excursionists from all parts of the kingdom found their way to Sydenham, and in general the conduct of these vast masses, considering that they composed a football crowd, was wonderfully good. The competing teams were the Tottenham Hotspur and the Sheffield United, and the fact that a London club was competing, a rare event, lent additional interest to the game. The Sheffield team were the first to

score, Priest taking full advantage of a splendid opening which Needham made for him, and securing a goal. Thereafter, for a time, Sheffield United seemed to have the game in their hands, but Tottenham responded with a capital effort, and the fortunes of the day became equal when Brown sent the ball past Foulke. The third goal placed Hotspur ahead, but the referee gave the fourth goal in favour of Sheffield, and the score again stood even. The match was not nearly finished, but its interest declined, for the strain was obviously beginning to tell upon the players; the shooting grew weak, and though many chances were

offered, no further score was recorded. The result was the somewhat disappointing one of a tie of two goals all. It had been decided that the cup should be presented by Sir Redvers Buller, who, with Lady Audrey, was present at the match; but this, of course, was rendered impossible by the draw. Sir Redvers, however, complimented the teams on the closeness and excellence of their play, and the proceedings ended with a vote of thanks proposed by Lord Kinnaid and seconded by Sir Howard Vincent. The tie is to be played off to-day at Bolton, and should another draw result an extra half-hour will be played.



THE CROWD.

LADIES' PAGE.

This is certainly the season of the year at which dress is most important. The return of the sunshine shows up all the defects in articles of attire that the winter fogs and snows have caused or concealed; and a complete refurbishing is discovered to be imperatively necessary. Then the materials that are introduced to our notice for summer wear are always so specially enticing—so light and gay and fresh! One cannot feel economical in spring in matters of the toilette. Let economy wait till winter sombre and solemn and dull—is looming before us! Every



THE NEWEST MODE IN SAC COATS.

spring, too, as the new fashions are unveiled, one thinks that never before were such charming and tempting confections displayed. This year the idea surely is justified by facts. The beautiful embroideries that will form so noticeable a feature of this season's modes surpass imagination; while the more ordinary gowns are singularly pretty, with their light tones, transparent fabrics, floating ends, and touches of gold decoration.

"Floating ends"—allow me to emphasise that phrase, for it is one of the notes of the newest modes. Not content henceforth with the *pans* of a cravat or the multitudinous ends of a rosette or bow perched unreasonably on the bosom or against the throat, we are now to pretend to tie our bodices together, to fix up the turned-back cuffs on our sleeves with bows and ends, or to annex the severed edges of our skirt seams by means of ties or lacings of silk. Each end is enclosed in a *ferret*. Very smart is the effect in judicious hands. A really pretty gown that I have just studied in Paris was in black satin cloth of the most light and supple description; the skirt fitting like a glove round the hips and trimmed only by a few small tucks heading the fullness that flared below the knee. The bodice was trimmed with Paisley-patterned panne and white mousseline-de-soie. The last-mentioned material was responsible for a small pleated central vest, and for *bouillonnée* cuffs set into a band of panne; the bolero, trimmed round with three tiny tucks, was held in place by ties of panne that were hemmed and folded and caught together, as if loosely tied in a knot, above the vest, by diamond brooches. Each of these simulated ties had the two ends dangling, finished with tags of gold. Three of these ties were arranged down the front of the corsage, as if holding the edges of the bolero together. The upper sleeve was slit up nearly to the elbow in order to be held together over the *bouffante* muslin cuff by similar ties and ends of panne, with gold tags that fell several inches below the arm. In another black dress the bolero was edged by a passementerie in an open design, showing a shot-green silk lining; ties of the same green glacé silk with oxidised silver tags passed through the interstices; they were not tied across the front, but left hanging loose

at each side of the bolero, as if undone. An excellent effect was produced in a chestnut-brown fancy material by a vest of biscuit-coloured silk being crossed with ties of gold galon, each ending in a jet ornament; the waistbelt and collar were of gold galon embroidered with jet. Down the front of this gown the line of biscuit-coloured panne, crossed by gold tagged with jet, was continued right to the feet. More than one model have I seen in the semi-transparent materials, voiles and grenadines, made over silk, with ends of the lining silk used in some ingenious way outside the lighter fabric here and there, in the form of pretended ties, with tags of a harmonising metal—gold, oxidised or bright silver, or iron.

Taffetas makes many dressy gowns; it is supple and graceful, and plain and brocaded pieces of it are mixed. One of the novelties is a sort of taffetas called *lousine*; it has a slight cord, giving it a surface rather like that of armure. For these smarter gowns, embroidery is the trimming most used. It is best done on the surface of the dress; and if a passementerie or added embroidered trimming is employed, the effort is made to get it to appear as if worked on the material, as that is more costly and more individual. To describe the beauty and infinite variety of the embroideries would be impossible. Silks and velvets are cut into patterns and appliqué by embroidery stitches, and chenilles and tinsels and paillettes are all introduced into a design. Patterns cut out of a brocaded taffetas are placed upon a plain taffetas ground and affixed by gold threads. Tulle and mousseline-de-soie are laid beneath chenille or tinsel traceries, the lighter fabric being caught into the design. Flowers are simulated in floss silks, and velvet petals are cut out to be embossed above padded shapes; and glittering paillettes lightly touch the patterns into brightness here and there. Trimmings *à jour* are much used on the lighter materials; that is to say, lines of lace or open motifs, either in lace or passementerie, beneath which the material of the dress is cut away, are placed so as to show the lining through the trimming.

Sometimes what is shown thereby is really a specially inserted band of some bright-coloured silk. Crêpe-de-Chine, grenadine, voile, crêpon, and also the morning gowns of muslin, batiste, and fancy cotton, are thus adorned. Three rows of Valenciennes lace round a simple figured muslin skirt, with a silk band in the brightest shade that appears in the pattern, under each row of lace, is simple but up-to-date. On the corsage there must be a similar trimming, either as a yoke above a pouched bodice, or as an edging to a bolero, with the silk that is placed to line under the lace used uncovered for waistbelt and collar and cuff bands. Such a design made in a dainty figured muslin will be very satisfactory for a simple park or garden-party gown for a girl's wear. A collar-band, by the way, is to be quite an optional matter. Many girls' frocks are to be made without a collar, just ending at the pit of the throat in a ruche made by gathering up a full yoke, or else set into a narrow cross-cut band, leaving the throat bare. This will be done especially with blouses worn under the new coats, which have turned-down collars behind. It is only suitable for girls, however, and is less likely to be usual here than in Paris; we can never be sure of our climate—even in the middle of summer a bare throat may be dangerous.

Those turn-down deep collars are not the only novel feature that is seen in the new coats; for a decided tendency to tails just at the back (postillion-basques or habit-tails) or basques all round is visible. A corsage bloused in front and having a habit-tail behind is frequently given to the new Paris dresses in what they call there the *genre tailleur*. A smart model in pale grey cloth has a narrow chemisette of red-and-white spotted foulard, with puffs of the same at the wrist; the coat is fixed down on this with tiny gold buttons at each side, from the bust to the waist, where both cloth and foulard pouch slightly over a wide belt of gold-coloured elastic, fixed by a deep *nouveau-art* gold-and-blue buckle. Above the bust a triple collar appears; the lowest layer thereof is dark grey panne, the next elephant-grey silk, and the top (and, of course, widest) is of the pale grey fabric of the robe. This collar is cut square in front, but rounded behind; it forms the only decoration at the back, the gold belt disappearing there beneath little habit-tails. The skirt is trimmed round near the knees with a wide cross-way band of itself, edged on both sides with the darker silk and the yet darker panne to harmonise with the collar; and nearly at the foot is placed a line of tiny gold buttons similar to those on the corsage.

With the advent of the season, the Parisian Diamond Company have added many new articles to their always fascinating stock of *bijoux*. Nothing more brilliant can be seen anywhere in Paris or in London than their stones and their designs. A very up-to-date ornament is a sort of little crown to go around the high-dressed loop of hair that most ladies still continue to patronise. The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls are their great triumph, the sheen and lustre of the costly real gems being perfectly imitated. A visit to either 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, or 43, Burlington Arcade will be sure to interest and surprise ladies who do not already know what these manufacturers can achieve.

Eastern women are waking up. Telegrams assure us that a Chinese girl made a most effective speech on the present position in her country's politics to a large and influential meeting of Chinamen recently. The *British Medical Journal* states that a wealthy and illustrious family in Japan has led the way in founding a University for Women in Tokio; by their efforts and assistance the sum of £24,000 has already been raised, and now the building is begun, and is expected to be ready for use this year. Medicine is the subject that most Japanese feel it desirable for women to study, and a number of young ladies of good family have already entered their names for this department.

"Don't-Worry Circles" are the latest American idea; the theory is that worry can be excluded from the mind by a deliberate effort of the will, and that this can be assisted by meetings or "circles" for the deliberate cultivation of a spirit of calmness and resignation. The movement has spread all over the United States like wildfire. It has been received with an enthusiasm which can be easily accounted for in that land of excitement and electrical atmosphere; but it has not gained universal sympathy. A high clerical authority has pointed out that a very large number of people do not worry nearly as much as they ought to do about the fulfilment of their duties and the meeting of their proper obligations! This critic insists that the object most to be sought is a means to stir everybody up to worry to the utmost point about everything that is wrong, rather than to soothe them and pacify them into contentment about all that exists, by a kind of modern fatalism not based upon any definite principle. The truth of this matter, no doubt, lies between the two extremes: there are many people who fret and worry either about things that they cannot help, or about trifles that ought to be considered beneath such attention; but, on the other hand, there are plenty of people who cast care aside when they ought to bind it upon their hearts, and endure the burden of it till they have repaired the cause.

One happy suggestion has been made by a member of the "Don't-Worry" band. She suggests keeping what she calls a "Pleasure Book." She courageously maintains that even in the most overburdened and sorrowful life it is possible to find in each day at least one incident or one circumstance that ought to be a source of passing pleasure, if not of something worth calling happiness. She has herself kept such a book for some years, and she declares that though sometimes the pleasure might be a small one, there has never been a day in which she was not able to enter some agreeable incident or fact. By the reading over this pleasant record of the past, she has been often enabled in times of depression, more effectually than she could have done by merely trusting to her memory, to seek the spring of hope that the old negress so strongly advised: "Think upon your *marcies*, child!" It is not a bad idea.

Our Illustrations show the loose coats that slender women affect this season. Shapeless though the sac form appears, a graceful figure expresses itself advantageously enough beneath the lines of the supple cloth. The coat with a double collar is very fashionable. The material



FASHIONABLE LOOSE COAT WITH DOUBLE COLLAR.

is a soft cloth or cashmere, strapped with glacé of the same shade; a delicate purple or soft grey would be particularly pretty. White lace trims the collar, and a chiffon cravat and undersleeve finish the confection. The other coat and skirt are on similar lines; but the collar is entirely of lace, on which designs in velvet are appliqué. The straw hat worn with this dress is trimmed with chiffon and flowers. The other hat is adorned with white feathers.

FILomenA.



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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archbishop Temple's chief engagement last week was his visit to Chichester, where he dedicated the north-west tower of the Cathedral and opened the new wing of the Bishop Otter Memorial College. The great tower has occupied nearly three years in building. In 1861 the central spire of the Cathedral fell into the nave, causing destruction which it cost nearly £4000 to repair.

A lively controversy is going on with regard to Canon Gore's book on the Lord's Supper. The High Church

have been well attended, and the Rector, the Rev. E. H. Mosse, has been justified in continuing them for the unusually long period of three months.

Bishop Chavasse has resumed work in his diocese after a fortnight's rest. He has many engagements for the early summer.

One of the most interesting Anglican May Meetings was the anniversary of the S.P.G., held on Wednesday in St. Paul's Cathedral and St. James's Hall. The Bishop of Bombay preached the annual sermon, and a galaxy of

restorations in Gloucester Cathedral, spending whole days in directing the workmen and carrying on his archaeological researches.

The Rev. G. J. Howson, Vicar of Christ Church, Crewe, and a son of the late Dean of Chester, has accepted the important living of Christ Church, Salford.

Among regular worshippers at Westminster Abbey there has been much curiosity, not unmingled with a little nervousness, with regard to the recent accident. On the Sunday following the fall of the column, Canon Gore



SECTION OF SUBWAY WITH FLOOR AND WALLS NEARLY COMPLETE.



STEEL GIRDS FORMING ROOF OF SUBWAY.

Photos. Burton.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY IN NEW YORK.

papers are deploring his severance from the Catholic position, while the *Record* rejoices that he is nearer the theology of Professor Moule and Dr. Wace than that of Lord Halifax and the E.C.U. Canon Gore's own letter in the papers has not satisfied either party.

The Rev. B. R. Wilson, Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, was the midday preacher this week at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Archdeacon Sinclair have promised to give addresses between now and Whitsuntide. These services for men

Colonial prelates were present at the afternoon meeting over which the Archbishop of Canterbury presided.

Dr. Welldon, for reasons of health, has escaped the first rush of the May Meeting season, but has several engagements for June. He expects to return to his diocese in the late autumn.

Archdeacon Sheringham, whose intention of resigning at the end of the present year is announced, has earned the gratitude of every lover of beautiful architecture. For many years he has watched with devoted care over the

pointed out that the Abbey might be more conveniently arranged for congregations. With the present seating system it is almost impossible to kneel properly.

Canon Tebbutt, Vicar of Doncaster, is removing to the Rectory of Beaford, near Bridlington, one of the best livings in the diocese of York. The Archbishop will now have to provide a successor for the important living of Doncaster, which includes among its recent Vicars the late Dean Vaughan, Dean Pigou, and Bishop Carr Glyn.



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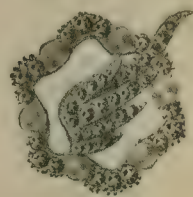
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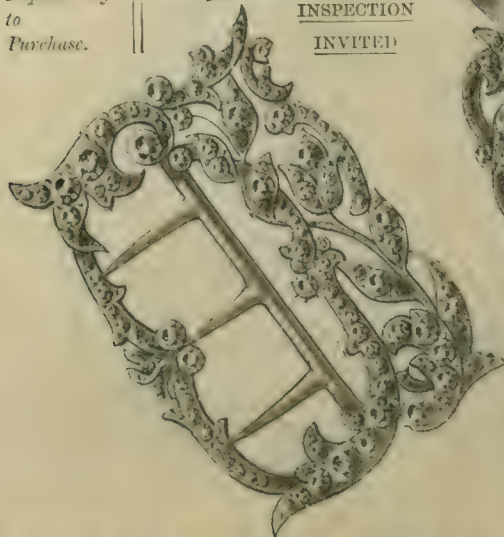
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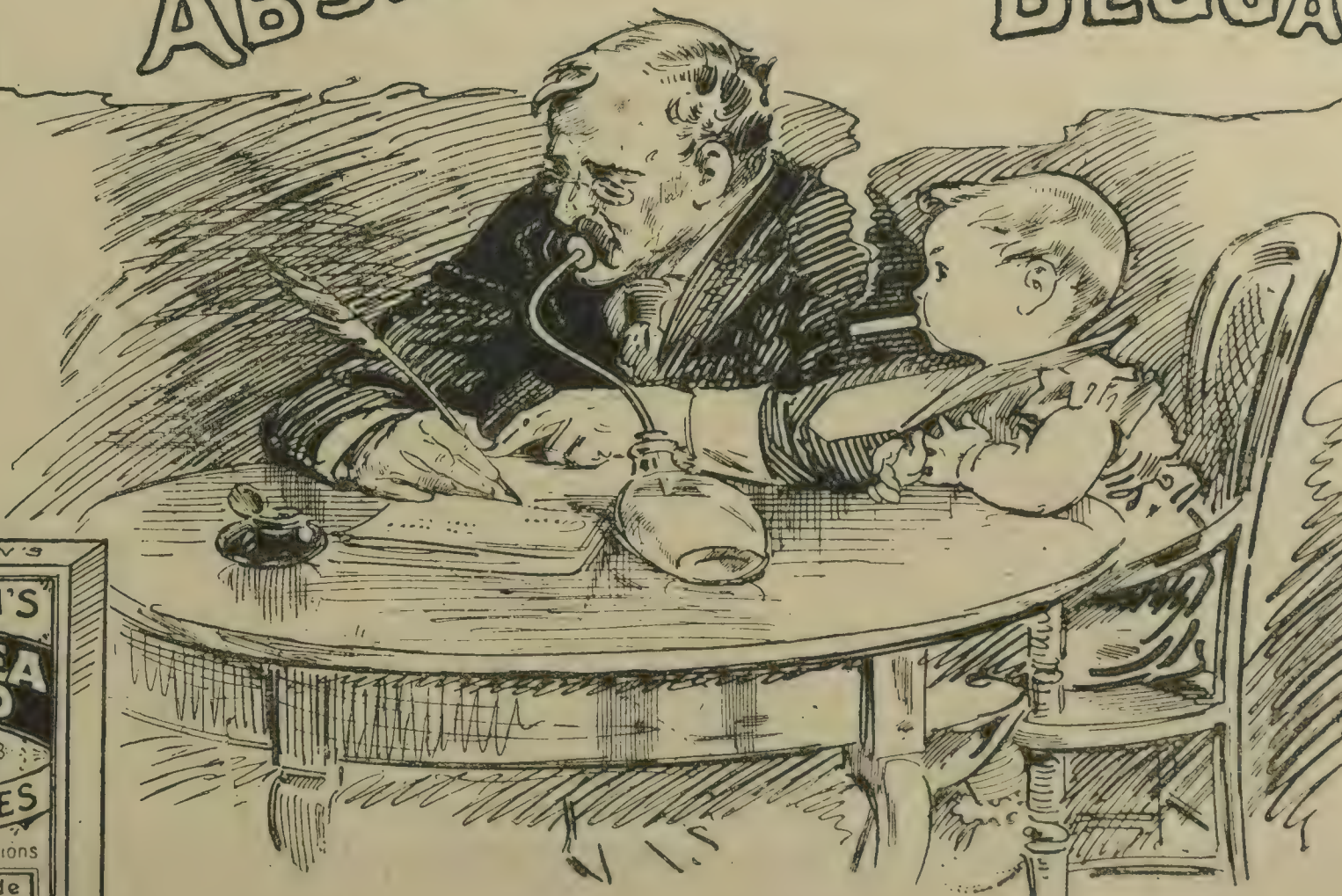


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Is o'er clouded with fears,"
"The mist is dispelled"
"When a woman appears"
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ANOTHER ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR



MUSIC.

The Stock Exchange concerts hold a very high position in the amateur musical world, and the third subscription one of this season, given on the evening of April 16, was no exception. The orchestra was exceedingly good, one had almost said surprisingly good, for amateur musicians. Under the conductorship of Mr. Arthur Payne was given the Symphony No. 5 of Tchaikowsky in unexceptionable fashion. This work was not introduced to England until 1895, under the baton of Herr Nikisch. It is intensely melancholy in parts, and then, again, has the Russian joyousness, with its fundamental basis of morbid sadness. The opening phrase resembles one in the trio of Chopin's Polonaise in E flat minor, and is said to be founded on a Polish "death-song"; while the subject of the opening bars of the allegro is based on a "Polish love-song of serious character." It is throughout a masterly piece of work, and was given in masterly style, with a brilliant attack and broad effects of expression that spoke well for the "ensemble" of the orchestra. The audience received it with marked interest. Immediately following this symphony was a beautiful rendering by the male choir of a motet of Mendelssohn—"Beati Mortui." The altos were especially good. The whole audience and orchestra stood; for it was an "In Memoriam" of the first president of their society, Mr. J. F. H. Read, and also of Sir John Stainer, for many years a vice-president. This motet was followed by a beautiful rendering of Sullivan's part-song, "The long day closes." The second part of the programme began with Dr. F. H. Cowen's graceful "Four Old English Dances." The composer conducted. The dances are marked by a graceful joviality that is very infectious. A difficult concerto of Bach, written for two violins and a full orchestra, was played by Madame Beatrice Langley and Mrs. Arthur Stothert with the orchestra. The "largo" is characterised by the two violins playing more as a duet, with the orchestra as an accompaniment. Miss Maggie Purvis was the only lady vocalist, and her clear, ringing voice was heard with satisfaction in "Know'st thou the land," of Beethoven, and German's fresh country song, "Who'll buy my lavender?" The choir sang another entrancing part-song of Dudley



THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN:
THE NEW YORK END.

Photo. Burton, New York.

Buck, "In Absence," and the orchestra brought the concert to an end with a Slavonic dance of Dvorak.

The winter concerts have drawn to an end. The last of the Crystal Palace series was given on Saturday, April 13, when the principal attraction was the popular fantasy-overture "Romeo and Juliet" of Tchaikowsky. Mr. Manns, needless to say, conducted perfectly. The other important orchestral work given was the "Scotch Symphony" of Mendelssohn. Madame Clotilde Kleeberg played in Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto; her technique was excellent, as usual, but her touch at times a little metallic. Mr. Plunket Greene sang very artistically. On Saturday, April 27, Mr. Manns' benefit concert will doubtless draw a large audience.

At the Steinway Hall on Tuesday, April 16, Mr. Richard Green gave a most enjoyable concert. Mr. Green's method of singing is charming and most praiseworthy. Mr. Green is better known at Covent Garden in the Royal Opera than on the concert-platform. He sang three songs of Tchaikowsky—"The Czar's Drinking-house," "Don Juan's Serenade," and "None but a lonely heart." Mr. Squire accompanied him with a very well-executed violoncello obligato in Wolfgram's "Song to the Evening Star," from the third act of "Tannhäuser." Mr. Squire played also two violoncello solos—a tarantella of Popper, that afforded an opportunity for brilliant execution, and a "Romance in D" of M. Saint-Saëns. The Signorine Cerasoli played some pianoforte duets very effectively, and Mr. Barnes gave two recitations of his own.

Mr. Gordon Cleather gave a vocal recital at the Salle Erard on Thursday, April 18, of very fair interest. He has a fine baritone voice, which is not at present always under perfect control. He does better work in quiet than in gusty dramatic songs. He sang with much artistic feeling, "Mid the Cornfields" of F. Korbay, "Eldorado" by Walthew, the "Petite Sérénade" of Tosti, and Arthur Somervell's adaptation of the old Manx air, "Myle Charaine." Miss Fanny Davies relieved any monotony that might have been induced by a vocal recital only, by her admirable pianoforte solos. Miss Maude Valerie White accompanied her own songs, and Mr. Henry Bird the remaining ones.

M. I. H.

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ART NOTES.

After a long eclipse, the New Gallery shines again with renewed promise of taking a prominent place among the exhibitions of the year. It is in vain, however, that one looks for anything in the way of novelty or audacity on the part of the artists who are invited to contribute their works for public appreciation. A morbid fear of offending against Academic prejudices haunts the directors, and they prefer the old staggers to the new "shake-scenes," of whom, as the exhibition of the New English Art Club testifies, there are many awaiting wider recognition. It is true that in the South Room an innovation in the form of a revival will be found, and a score of pictures painted in tempera are offered for criticism. One recalls almost automatically Opie's reply to the inquiry with what he painted; for these works suggest that their authors have not used to advantage Opie's prescribed and indispensable medium. Mr. Walter Crane's "Fountain of Youth," the most important in size of the series, is a lamentable failure, both as a composition and as a decoration—the simple colours supposed to be needed for work in tempera looking crude and harsh. In a smaller work, "The Mower," he attempts less and succeeds better; but Mr. W. Padgett seems to have promptly realised the limitations of the medium by combining the use of tempera and oils in his clever study of "Marsh Lands."

It is with greater pleasure that we turn to more interesting features of the present exhibition. Unintentionally, in all likelihood, it furnishes the opportunity of comparing French and English portrait-painters: taking M. Benjamin Constant and M. Dagnan-Bouveret as representatives of the former, and Mr. Sargent and Mr. J. J. Shannon of the latter nation. M. Constant's method differs wholly from that of M. Carolus Duran, from whom Mr. Sargent learnt so much of his art, and the present place which he occupies in French art shows the change of feeling and taste among our artistic and art-loving neighbours across the Channel. It is therefore of the greatest interest to compare the portrait of Mr. Wentworth Beaumont with that of Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D.—both of them sodate, serious, and masterful pictures—and then to contrast M. Dagnan-Bouveret's portrait of an anonymous lady with the portrait group (112) painted by Mr. Shannon, a more vigorous and characteristic work than even the latter's other group of Lady Carbery and her children. In the actual painting of the darker tones and shadows of the flesh M. Dagnan-Bouveret is clearly the most masterful, but our fellow-countrymen can paint with a vivacity and *galbe* in which the former is deficient. Mr. Watts, who may be regarded as the chief of the Old Guard, has held his place of honour at the New Gallery since the secession from the Grosvenor fifteen years ago. He has of late followed the prevailing taste, and since the public is supposed to like problem

plays and novels, supplies it with parable pictures in gorgeous Venetian settings. "The Slumber of the Ages" is typified by a weary, beautiful woman who has fallen asleep, while the new-born infant-century on her lap is straining wistful eyes away from the setting sun, which throws its last beams over the sleeping mother. "Greed and Labour" is the old story of Age clutching its money-bags, whilst Youth and Strength shoulder pickaxe and mattock to face the world. Mr. Watts's other contributions are "Trifles Light as Air," a very disrespectful way of describing such a bevy of dancing cherubs, and a portrait of Miss Geraldine Liddell, which is scarcely more than superficial. It may be well to mention in this connection that the portraits in the present exhibition, although not excessive in number, are its strongest feature; Mr. Arthur Hacker being most prominent; and Mrs. Ernest Normand, Mr. C. E. Perugini, Hon. John Collier, Mr. Richard Jack, and Mr. Melton Fisher—all of whom have had interesting sitters—come in the next flight; while to Mr. Harrington Mann and Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen must be awarded such credit as is due for startling and unconventional pose and treatment.

In the more distinctly figure-subjects Lady Stanley's "Bathers" is a fine study of the nude under conditions in which atmosphere and setting play an important part; and in this respect her picture is a greater success than either Mr. Herbert Draper's "Naiads' Pool" or Mr. Wetherbee's "Pool of Diana," although the background of snow-capped mountains in the latter work gives it a touch of poetic landscape; and in Mr. George Boughton's "Diana of the Goose Pastures" even more prominence is given to the environment of the figure. On the other hand, in Mr. Austen Brown's "Sunshine and Shadow," the bit of town across the canal is thrown into microscopic proportions by the size of the mother and child, who occupy all the foreground, and seemingly crowd everything else out of the picture; but the artistic charm of these Dutch or Flemish canals is interpreted in a sympathetic way by Mr. William Padgett, who incidentally reveals the pathos of woman's work in canal-life. Mr. David Carr's "The Doctor's Pony," tethered outside the thatched cottage, while his master is seeing a patient, is a very careful bit of work, which gives a characteristic idea of a Devonshire village, just as Mr. Napier Henry's "Counting the Catch" is a fresh and bright study of fisher life.

Of landscapes there are several excellent specimens, while at the same time there are others which raise curious misgivings as to the way in which the selection of pictures for exhibition is made by those responsible. The names of the Consulting Committee are given, but one would like to know how far their opinion was taken on the majority of the works exhibited, and to what extent those which are practically *hors concours* are admitted on other grounds than those of artistic merit. Mr. Alfred East's

"September Sunshine" is one of his happiest efforts in English scenery, and Mr. Montague Smyth's "North Sea," as seen across the sandy stretch of shore, is equally true of Lincolnshire or Holland; but one turns from such sad themes to the bright spots round Asolo and Assisi, to Volterra and Monte Rozello, of which Mr. and Mrs. Ridley Corbet send such charming and sympathetic transcripts. They know full well the endless beauties of Italian skies, and can catch their moods without exaggeration. Miss E. M. Osborn's silvery grey "Autumn Morning on the Norfolk Broads," Mr. Arthur Ryle's "Valley of Lillington," Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Midday," and Miss Melicent Grose's "At Sunset" are all delightful tributes to England's landscape scenery and to the changeful mood of her atmosphere. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's attempt to shed an Eastern glow over old Kew Bridge is hardly convincing. But Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Day's Requiem" is a really splendid effect of sunset among the mountains of Argyllshire. Mr. Beadle is singular in illustrating the episodes of the Boer War, and he has been very happy in his selection of the incident at Biddulphsberg, where the Grenadier Guards saved their wounded from the burning veldt. The figures of the soldiers and their human burdens fighting through the flames are excellent and restrained.

In the Central Hall there are several specimens of sculpture, among which the "Royal Horse Artillery Team and Gun," by Miss Archer Houlton, will attract the most attention; a number of cases containing goldsmith's work—of which Mr. Nelson Dawson's enamels are the most noteworthy—and a panel in relief by Mr. T. Armstrong, which, if imitated generally, would serve to decorate the interiors of our churches with monuments adding warmth and beauty to their appearance. In the balcony are arranged a number of water-colours, but few with any special merit; although mention should be made of the names of Sir J. F. Donnelly, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Alan Cole, and Mrs. Norman Grosvenor among amateurs; and of Mr. A. B. Donaldson, Mr. T. M. Rooke, Miss Melicent Grose, and Mr. Mavrogordato among professional artists who have acquitted themselves with a certain distinction.

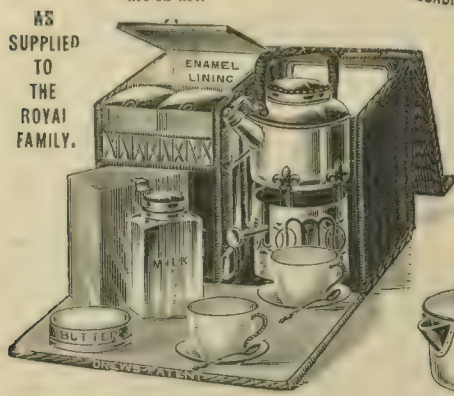
The decision of Sir Michael Hicks Beach to leave tobacco alone must have been a relief to smokers throughout the United Kingdom, although had taxation in this particular been possible, the devotees of my Lady Nicotine would no doubt have paid with exemplary patriotism and an equanimity begotten doubtless of Arcadia Mixture. That classic compound, it is scarcely news to state, is, of course (by Mr. J. M. Barrie's own avowal), none other than the excellent Craven Mixture of Messrs. Carreras.

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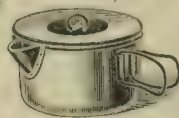
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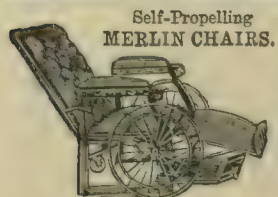
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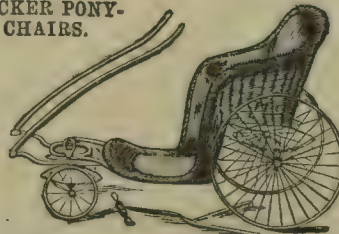
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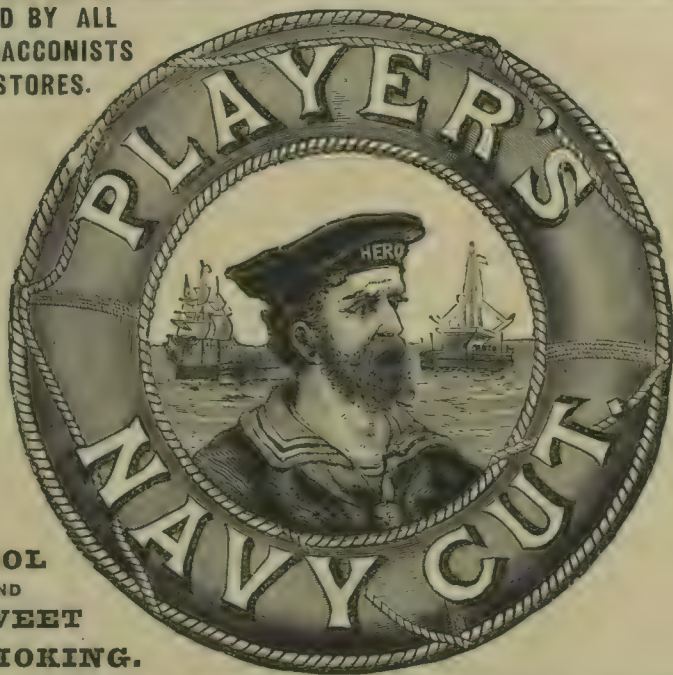
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 18, 1900) of Henry, second Baron Leconfield, of 9, Chesterfield Gardens, Mayfair, and Petworth, Sussex, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on April 16 by the Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham, the brother, and Herbert James Hope, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £1,446,607. The testator gives £150,000 each, upon trust, for his younger sons; £1000 each to his executors; £35,000, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret Blanche, having in his lifetime settled a like amount on each of his daughters Mrs. Mary Caroline Maxse and Mrs. Maud Evelyn Yorko; £10,000 and his jewels, and the use for life of 12, Great Stanhope Street, to his wife; and £25,000 and his household furniture and effects, live and dead stock, to his eldest son. On the death of Lady Leconfield the freehold premises in Great Stanhope Street are to be sold and the proceeds divided between his younger sons.

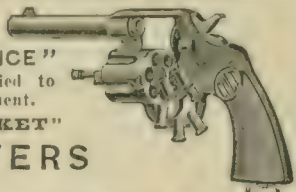
Subject to the payment of £2000 per annum to his wife, he gives £80,000 to his younger sons. He charges the family estates in Yorkshire with a sum of £20,000 for his younger children, and his freehold premises, 9, Chesterfield Gardens, with the payment of £1000 per annum, or of a lump sum of £25,000, for his younger sons. The residue of his property, after the payment of all legacy and succession duty, including that on property of which he is tenant for life, is to be divided between his younger sons.

The will (dated May 8, 1900) of Mr. William Edward Whadcoat, of Devonshire House, 54, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, and The Mount, Ifield, Sussex, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on April 10 by Mrs. Emma Whadcoat, the widow, Ernest Edward Whadcoat, the son, and Robert Ullmer, the executors, the value of the estate being £136,050. The testator gives The Mount and the contents thereof and £20,000 to his son; £1000, the

remainder of his freehold and leasehold estates, and furniture to his wife; £5000 each, upon trust, for his sisters Eliza Cuming and Jane Gibson; £3000 to his sister Ann Whadcoat; £1000 each to Mrs. James Holmes, Charles Whadcoat, James Whadcoat, and Mrs. Emily Lawrence; and £500 each to John Osborn, Mrs. Emily Wrighton, Lizzie Eglinton, and Robert Ullmer. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety, upon trust, for his wife, and subject thereto the whole thereof is to be upon trust for his son for life, and then for his children.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Renfrew, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 21, 1853), with four codicils (dated April 1, 1855, Dec. 12, 1876, Feb. 9, 1877, and May 28, 1895), of Charles Stuart, twelfth Baron Blantyre, of 41, Berkeley Square, and Erskine House, Glasgow, who died on Dec. 15, granted to William John Dundas, Sir John Baird, Bart.,

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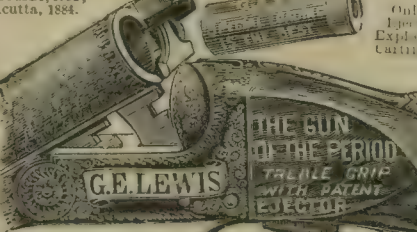
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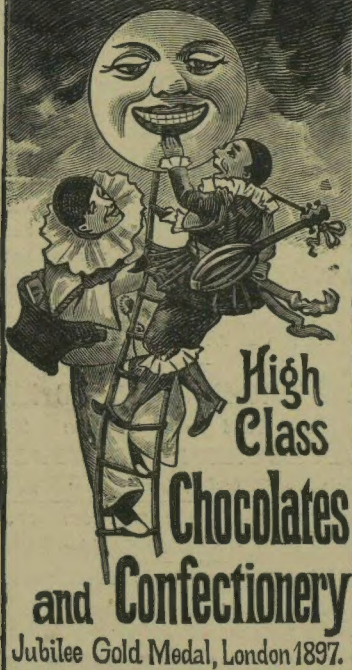
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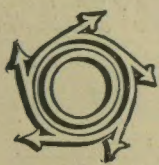
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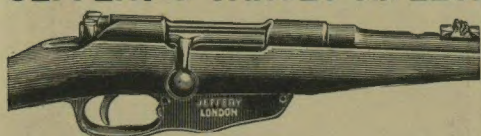
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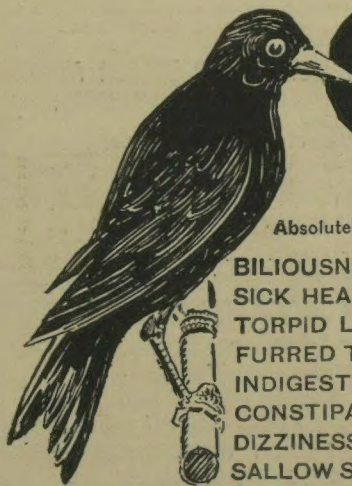
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Restores exhausted and decaying vitality. It prevents waste of tissue, and contains bodily nourishment in a highly concentrated form. It is the remedy par excellence for Neuralgia, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Mental and Physical Fatigue, and all weakness, whether caused by illness or constitutional.

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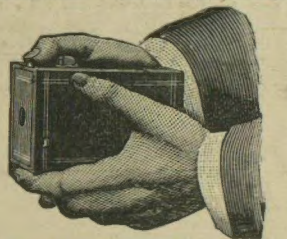
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and Dame Ellen Baird, the daughter, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on April 13, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £108,113.

The will (dated April 18, 1900), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1 following), of Mr. John Quicke, D.L., J.P., of Newton St. Cyres, Devon, who died on Dec. 13, has been proved by Lord Poltimore, Sir Redvers Henry Buller, V.C., G.C.B., and Sir John Shelley, Bart., the executors, the value of the estate being £105,784. He bequeaths £100 each to his executors; an annuity of £26 to Mrs. Margaret Goss; and legacies to his butler and coachman. All his real and leasehold property and the residue of his personal estate he settles upon the eldest son of his nephew Ernest Henry Godolphin Quicke, but subject to the payment of £1500 per annum to his said nephew, in the event of his re-settling within three months the estates he will succeed to on his (testator's) death.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1900) of Mr. John George Fenwick, J.P., of Moorlands, Gosforth, Newcastle, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on March 20 by the Rev. George Bargate Fenwick and William Fenwick Fenwick, the sons, Miss Elizabeth Jane Fenwick, the daughter, and William Crump Beatley, the executors, the value of the estate being £97,124. The testator bequeaths 122 ordinary

and 116 preference shares in the Consett Iron Company to his son George Bargate; the income of 112 preference shares, upon trust, for his brother Joseph; £250 each to his unmarried daughters; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

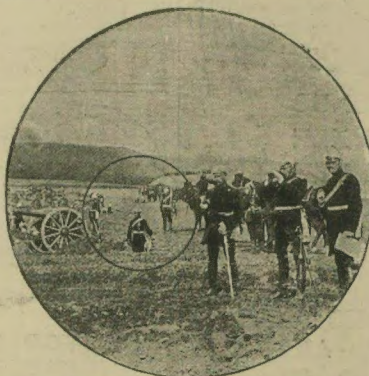
The will (dated March 10, 1900) of Mr. William Ann Pochin, J.P., of Edmondthorpe Hall, Oakham, Leicestershire, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on April 3 by George William Pochin and Major Norman Pochin, the sons, and Emilius Ralph Norman, the executors, the value of the estate being £96,316 12s. 6d. The testator settles all his real estate on his son George William, and his grandson Victor Robert. He bequeaths £1000 to Emilius Ralph Norman; an annuity of £200 to his sister-in-law Elizabeth Constance Pochin; £500 to Noel Horace Bell; £3000 and a mortgage for £2300 to his son Norman; £500 to Frank Kingham Bell; £500 to his sister Emily Walker; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son George William.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1901) of Mr. Henry Cooper, J.P., of Chantry House, Canterbury, who died on Feb. 4, was proved on April 4 by Thomas Wachter, the nephew, and Walter Furley, the executors, the value of the estate being £92,980. The testator bequeaths £4000 to his sister Louisa Wachter; £2000 to Cooper Wachter; £1000 each to

Bessie Louisa Marten, Edith Bessie Wachter, William Henry Wachter, Frank Wachter, Sidney Wachter, Alice Maud Fowler, Eleanor Moxon, Ann Collard, Henry Cooper Ash, Louisa Cooper Wachter, Eleanor Strudwick, Florence Strudwick, Mary Ann Hutchings, and Lydia Herbert; £1000 each, upon trust, for Elizabeth Garrett and Elizabeth Ash; £200 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. He devises his house at Herne Bay to his nieces Louisa Cooper Wachter and Edith Bessie Wachter as joint tenants. The residue of his property he leaves to Thomas Wachter.

The Scotch Confirmation under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 23, 1885), with codicils (dated Nov. 11, 1888, Dec. 24, 1889, June 28 and Aug. 14, 1893, Oct. 24, 1894, March 26, 1897, Nov. 10, 1898, and Sept. 16, 1899), of Colonel John Glencairn Carter Hamilton, first Baron Hamilton of Dalzell, of 54, Eaton Place, and Dalzell, Motherwell, who died on Oct. 15, granted to Gavin George Lord Hamilton and Lieutenant the Hon. Leslie d'Henin Hamilton, the sons, George Thomas Balfour Kinnear, Lady Susan Leslie Melville, Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart., and Charles William Trotter, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on April 12, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £79,140.

For centuries it had been the endeavour of human intelligence to create instruments to enable the eye to observe objects at a remote distance, and the telescopes constructed by Galileo and Kepler in the beginning of the seventeenth century revealed many terrestrial and celestial objects hitherto unknown, but now subjects of common knowledge to every educated person. Strange to say, the three-and-a-half centuries since the construction of these two forms of telescope, of which the Galilean, or ordinary field or opera glass, is the most popular, have been attended by scarcely any alteration or improvement. It was not until 1840 that Porro suggested an entirely new system of construction by using reflecting prisms; but the limited powers of the mechanic and optician at that time prevented such glasses being manufactured commercially, and it has been only within the last six years that they have been placed on the market. Even to-day the manufacturers of such glasses are very few, and the most successful is C. P. Goerz, so well known as the inventor and maker of the best photographic lens.



Apart from their high magnification and brilliancy of image, the glasses of this maker have a field of view much larger than that given by any glass, either of this or other construction. The accompanying illustration shows a military scene as viewed through a Goerz Trieder Binocular (the name of the new glass). The small circle in the picture shows the field of view given by an ordinary field glass of the same magnification. The advantage of the former glass is obvious. While the spectator with an ordinary glass sights but two or three figures, and if observing a battery must level his glass upon one gun and then another, with a Goerz Trieder Binocular the whole battery is in the field, and the effect of the bursting shell can be clearly seen. We recommend the reader to write to Department "I," C. P. Goerz, of 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C., for a very interesting pamphlet containing full particulars about these glasses, which can be obtained from any good optician throughout the United Kingdom.

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PARIS, 1900.

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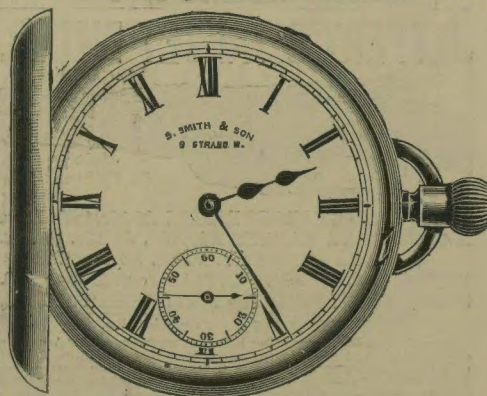
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9 11	by 7 2	4 12 0	11 4	by 8 9	6 7 0	13 9	by 10 0	8 17 0	10 2	by 6 10	4 8 0	11 9	by 8 3	6 3 0	13 9	by 10 6	9 4 0
10 0	by 7 0	4 10 0	11 11	by 8 0	6 3 0	13 10	by 10 4	9 1 0	10 1	by 7 2	4 12 0	11 5	by 8 3	6 0 0	13 6	by 10 6	9 0 0
10 2	by 7 8	5 0 0	11 10	by 8 7	6 9 0	13 11	by 10 7	9 8 0	10 8	by 7 1	4 16 0	12 9	by 9 1	7 7 0	13 9	by 11 10	9 0 0
10 6	by 7 0	4 14 0	12 3	by 9 6	7 10 0	13 3	by 9 5	8 0 0	10 3	by 7 6	4 18 0	12 1	by 7 0	5 8 0	13 9	by 8 2	7 4 0
10 4	by 7 3	4 16 0	12 1	by 7 0	5 8 0	13 1	by 10 0	8 7 0	11 4	by 8 5	6 3 0	13 1	by 8 3	6 18 0	14 1	by 11 10	9 5 0
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SIZE.	PRICE.		SIZE.	PRICE.		SIZE.	PRICE.	
Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.
9 0	by 6 9	1 10 1	9 0	by 6 9	1 12 6	10 0	by 6 9	2 2 10
10 6	by 9 0	2 5 11	11 0	by 9 0	2 8 9	12 0	by 9 0	3 7 5
12 0	by 11 3	3 6 6	13 0	by 11 3	3 14 9	13 6	by 11 3	4 13 11
15 0	by 13 6	4 18 2	16 6	by 13 6	5 10 6	15 0	by 13 6	6 6 7

On receipt of requirements prices for other Carpets will be given. Prices quoted subject to Carpet being unsold.

TRELOAR'S LINOLEUM.

Sold in rolls at the following low prices, viz.—

1 roll 6 ft. wide, containing 50 square yards	£3 2 6
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1 11 6
" " " " " " " " " " " "	0 16 0

Samples of the material in various Patterns will be sent on application to TRELOAR and SONS, Ludgate Hill. CATALOGUES AND ESTIMATES FOR ALL FLOOR COVERINGS FREE.

TRELOAR & SONS, Ludgate Hill, London.
Telegraphic Address—"TRELOAR, LONDON." Telephone Number, 5044 Bank. Established 1832. Eleven Gold Medals.



Lazenby's Sauce

will be found printed in red ink across the label of every bottle of the original and Genuine Harvey's Sauce, as in illustration herewith. The simplest and safest way is to ask for "Lazenby's Sauce," as there are some cheap, spurious imitations offered under the name of "Harvey's."

"NOW GOOD
DIGESTION WAIT
ON APPETITE,
AND HEALTH ON
BOTH."

—Shakespeare.

FOR FRIED FISH.

A little dash of Lazenby's Sauce is an ideal complement. It is just mild enough to add a piquancy to, without overshadowing, the flavour of the fish, and it combines with a delicate palatableness an easy assimilation that promotes good digestion.

Served at all First-Class Restaurants, and sold by the Leading Grocers.

PREPARED ONLY BY

E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd., 18, Trinity Street, LONDON, S.E.

12 GOLD AND OTHER MEDALS AWARDED.

Contractors to H.M. Government, War Office, Admiralty, and India Office.

Invalids' Specialities.

ESSENCE OF BEEF

Lancet, Jan. 4, 1901, says—
"This is a well-prepared
"Essence of agreeable
"flavour, and helpful to
"invalids, or those with
"enfeebled digestive
"function. It is perfectly
"clear and free from the
"small and flavour of a
"preparation concentrated
"by heat."

"THE CALVES'-FEET
JELLY
"was excellent in all
"respects, possessing a
"delicate flavour and con-
"sistence calculated to ap-
"peal to the fastidious
"palate."

CHICKEN JELLY, ESSENCE OF
CHICKEN, HOME-MADE BEEF
TEA, MEAT LOZENGES,
ETC., ETC.

To be obtained of all Chemists
and Grocers throughout the
Kingdom, in Tins or Glasses.

If any difficulty in obtaining,
write to—



Belgravian Specialities

ROLLED OX TONGUES

(Sample, 4/-).

PRESSED BRISKET OF BEEF

(Sample, 1/10).

POTTED MEATS

Turkey, Wild Duck, &c.
(Sample, 6d.)

VICTORIA PÂTÉS

(Sample, 6d.)

SOUPS

Oxtail, Mock Turtle, &c.
(Sample, 10d.)

"P. & O." SAUCE

(Sample, 6d.), &c., &c.

To be obtained in Tins, Glasses,
or Jars, of all Grocers and Stores
throughout the Kingdom.

TWO PRIZE MEDALS, PARIS, 1900.

POULTON & NOEL, Ltd., Belgravian Works, London.

OF COURSE HE WILL BE ARRESTED



But it is not his fault;
He has just got his

CLEVELAND,

With its frictionless bearings,
and thinks he has to work as
hard as before.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY,

147-149, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Hovis

TRADE MARK.

makes each
meal nicer
and assists
digestion.

Supplied Daily
by Most Family
Bakers.

THE HOVIS-BREAD
FLOUR CO., LTD.,
MACCLESFIELD.

A NEST FOR REST

FOOTS'

Adjustable to 100 Changes of Position.

MARLBOROUGH

Rigid or Rocks at
Pleasure.

RECLINING CHAIR,



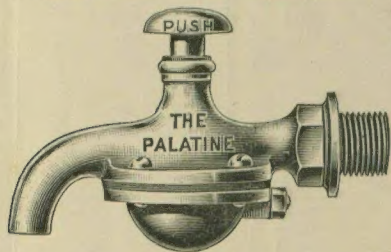
Comfort for the Invalid. Luxury for the Strong.
Conforms to every position of comfort and ease, and can be adjusted by
yourself while on the Chair. The turn of a knob does it instantly.
The back can be lowered to any position from upright to flat and
rises automatically when desired. The seat will tilt to any
angle. The leg-rest can be raised to seat level or de-
tached and used as an independent footstool or
ottoman. An adjustable Reading Desk and
Table fitted when required. Springs all over.
The Ideal Chair for restful reading.

Send for Catalogue No. 3. Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON,
Dept. R.C. 7,
171 New Bond
Street, W.
London, W.

AN ENTIRELY NEW SELF CLOSING TAP.

ABSOLUTELY NON-CONCUSSIVE.



Will work with any Pressure.

Does not Waste.

Easily Repaired.

PERFECT FOR STREET FOUNTAINS

And Essential in all cases where Water has to be Paid for by Meter.

Price— $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch 5/-, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch 7/- each.

TRADE ONLY SUPPLIED.

PALATINE ENGINEERING CO., LTD.

10, BLACKSTOCK STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

Sole Makers of

LORD KELVIN'S PATENT HOT & COLD WATER TAPS.

HOVENDEN'S EASY HAIR CURLER

TRADE MARK

PRICE 6^d PER BOX

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.

Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, new being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD., BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

ASTHMA CURE

GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, and Oppression immediately relieved by these CIGARETTES. All Chemists, or Post Free, 1s. 9d. WILCOX & CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

TWIN WHEEL CYCLES.

Stationary Mount, Non-Slipping.

RATIONAL COB CYCLES.

Lists Post Free from

THE TWIN WHEEL CYCLE CO., LD.,

32, NORTH AUDLEY ST., LONDON, W.

Bols

CHERRY BRANDY

ALSO

VERY OLD GIN

SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE FAMOUS



"MAB"

DWARF

RAZOR

Sent Post Free same day as ordered.

"MAB" CO.,

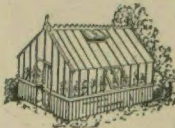
73, NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

GREENHOUSES & POULTRY HOUSES FOR EVERYBODY

ERECTION BY ANY HANDY MAN OR GARDENER IN A FEW HOURS.

SPRING CLEARANCE SALE.

SPAN-ROOF GREENHOUSE.



Framework substantially constructed of deal, lower part being filled in with sound, well-seasoned matchboards. The House is fitted with door, complete with rim lock and brass furniture, painted one coat of good oil colour, all necessary ironwork and stages for each side, and good 16 oz. glass throughout. Securely packed and put on rail at the following prices:

Lot	Span-roof Greenhouse, Glass sides on wood base, portable.	Usual Price	Sale Price
11	7 ft. by 5 ft.	3 10 0	2 10 0
12	9 ft. by 6 ft.	4 10 0	3 7 6
13	12 ft. by 8 ft.	7 0 0	5 6 0
14	15 ft. by 10 ft.	10 0 0	7 0 0
15	20 ft. by 10 ft.	14 0 0	9 15 0
16	25 ft. by 10 ft.	17 10 0	12 5 0
17	30 ft. by 12 ft.	42 0 0	28 0 0
18	9 ft. by 6 ft.	4 5 0	2 17 6
19	12 ft. by 8 ft.	6 10 0	4 10 0
20	15 ft. by 10 ft.	9 10 0	6 12 8
21	20 ft. by 10 ft.	14 0 0	9 5 0

CUCUMBER FRAMES.

For storage of plants in winter or cultivation of melons, tomatoes, or cucumbers in summer.

Made of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. well-seasoned deal, with 2 in. sashes, glazed 21 oz. in good oil putty. Woodwork painted.



Lot		Usual Price	Sale Price
51-3	Light Frame, 9 ft. by 4 ft.	£ s. d. 2 10 0	£ s. d. 2 2 0
52-2	6 ft. by 4 ft.	1 16 0	1 7 6
53-1	5 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 6 in.	1 10 0	1 5 0
54-2	7 ft. by 5 ft. 6 in.	2 12 6	2 5 0
55-2	8 ft. by 6 ft.	2 15 0	2 7 0
56-4	14 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. 6 in.	4 0 0	3 5 0
57-3	12 ft. by 6 ft.	3 15 0	3 0 0
58-1	4 ft. by 3 ft.	1 0 0	0 17 0
59-4	12 ft. by 4 ft.	3 5 0	2 12 6
60-6	24 ft. by 6 ft.	6 10 0	5 15 0
61-12	48 ft. by 6 ft.	13 0 0	10 10 0

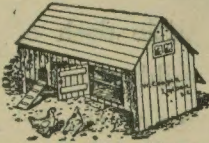
GARDEN LIGHTS.

Strong, well-made, good, sound timber. Side, 2 in. by 2 in., well mortised and pinned to tenoned rails. Bars 2 in.

Lot				Usual Price	Sale Price
				£ s. d.	£ s. d.
62-137	Glazed Lights,	6 ft. by 4 ft.	21 oz. glass	.. 0 15 0	0 10 0
63-227		4 ft. by 3 ft.	"	.. 0 7 0	0 5 0
64-21		3 ft. by 2 ft.	"	.. 0 6 0	0 4 0
65-227	Un glazed Lights,	6 ft. by 4 ft.	"	.. 0 4 6	0 3 9
66-172		4 ft. by 3 ft.	"	.. 0 3 6	0 2 9
67-640		3 ft. by 2 ft.	"	.. 0 3 0	0 1 6

NEW SPAN-ROOF POULTRY HOUSES.

Made in sections, with door in side and window at end; a flap at back for access to nest boxes, a raised floor about 2 ft. from ground, so as to form dry run underneath; nest, perch, ladder, &c., painted one coat outside.

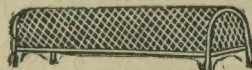


Lot					Usual Price	Sale Price.
					£ s. d.	£ s. d.
204A	4ft. long by 4ft. wide, 6ft. high	1 10 0	1 3 0
205	5ft. " 4ft. " 6ft. " "	1 13 0	1 5 0
206	6ft. " 4ft. " 6ft. " "	1 18 0	1 12 0
207	7ft. " 5ft. " 6ft. 6in. high	2 5 0	2 0 0
208	8ft. " 6ft. " 7ft. high	3 0 0	2 5 0

PEA GUARDS.

(Galvanised.)

2s. 6d. per dozen, including two ends.



NEST BOXES.



Lot 215-42 Nest Boxes, bottom of wire netting complete, with doors, &c., painted one coat.

Usual price, 4s.
Sale price, 2s. 3d. each.

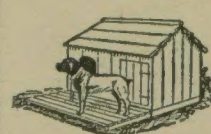
CHICKEN COOPS.

Lot 216-31 Chicken Coops, complete with shutter, &c.

Usual price, 5s. 6d.; sale price, 3s. each.



PORTABLE DOG KENNELS.



Lot		Usual Price			Sale Price		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
226—	Terrier's Size,	0	15	0	0	12	0
227—	Collie and Retriever's Size,	1	0	0	0	17	6
228—	St. Bernard's Size	1	10	0	1	5	0

IRON CHURCHES.

Made in sections. Everything complete, floor and joists, windows, door, glass, inside match-lined and felled.

Lot. Usual price Sale Price

Lot	Usual price	Sale Price
272	40 ft. by 20 ft.	130 0 0
273	50 ft. by 25 ft.	135 0 0

Price for erecting in any part of the Kingdom, free on application.



ROOFING FELT.

Patent Asphaltic Rolls, 25 yds. long by 32 in. wide, 3s. 6d. Nails for fixing Felt, 1s. per 1000.

21 OZ. HORTICULTURAL GLASS. 21 OZ.

200 ft. boxes, 27s. 6d. The following sizes in stock—8 by 6, 9 by 7, 10 by 8, 12 by 8, 12 by 9, 12 by 10, 12 by 11, 13 by 9, 13 by 10, 13 by 11, 14 by 9, 14 by 10, 14 by 11. Special quotations for other sizes.

HORTICULTURAL TIMBER.

Sashbars— $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 3s.; 2 in., 3s. 9d.; 2 in., 3s. 6d.; 3 in., 7s. per 100 ft. run.
Floorboards— $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 3s.; 1 in., 3s. 6d.; 1 in., 12s. per square.
Feather-edge Boards—7s. 6d. per square.
Battens—2 by 6, 12s. 6d.; 2 by 5, 10s. 6d.; 2 by 4, 8s. 6d.; 2 by 3, 6s. 6d.; 2 by 2, 4s. 6d.; 1 by 5, 5s. 6d.; 1 by 4, 4s. 6d.; 1 by 3, 2s. 6d.; 1 by 2, 1s. 9d. per 100 ft. run.
Scaffold Poles (fresh): 22 ft., 2s. 6d.; 22 ft., 3s. 6d. each.
Pulleys (hewn birch) 11s. per dozen.
Doors (half glass), 6 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in., 7s.; 5 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in., 6s. 6d.; 5 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 3 in., 6s. each.

PLANNED EXTENDED TRELLIS.

For Climbing Plants, Lawn Tennis & Croquet Lawns, Training Creeping Plants, Fruit Trees, Shrubs, &c., &c., 12 ft. by 11 ft., 2s.; 12 ft. by 2 ft., 3s.; 12 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in., 3s. 6d.; 12 ft. by 3 ft., 4s.; 12 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in., 4s. 6d.; 12 ft. by 4 ft., 5s. 6d.; 12 ft. by 5 ft., 6s. 6d.; 12 ft. by 6 ft., 8s. All timber consigned at the cheap timber rates to all parts of the country.



GALVANISED CORRUGATED ROOFING IRON.

Best quality. Perfect sheets, 27 in. wide: 3 ft., 1s.; 4 ft., 1s. 4d.; 5 ft., 1s. 7d.; 6 ft., 2s.; 7 ft., 2s. 3d.; 8 ft., 2s. 7d.; 9 ft., 3s. 1d.; 10 ft., 3s. 6d. Ridging, 2s. 3d. per length. Galvanised Roofing Nails, 2s. 6d. gross. Washers, 1s. 3d. gross.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST, POST FREE.

W. COOPER,
747D, OLD KENT ROAD,
LONDON, S.E.

FREE GIFT

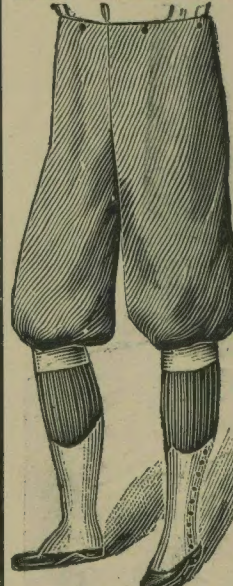
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An extra pair of West-End Trousers, or a pair of Flannel Trousers, or a pair of Cycling Knickers

GIVEN FREE

AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

From this date until Saturday, May 11, ONLY, WE WILL PRESENT, FREE



of any extra charge whatever, to every purchaser of one of our famous suits, at 27/6, 32/6, or higher price, to measure, in the latest West-End style, either an extra pair of Trousers, a pair of Cycling Knickers, or a pair of Flannel Cricketers or Rowing Trousers (white or grey). We are an old-established West End firm, with a reputation to maintain, and are making these Gifts as an Advertisement. We are world-famous for

SMART TAILORING.

West-End Cut, Fit, and Style Guaranteed. Hundreds of repeat orders daily. Money returned if not satisfied. Patterns (which need not be returned) and self-measurement forms post free the world over.

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3, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Corner of Charing Cross Road.)
Hours, 9 to 8; Saturdays to 6 p.m.
And at 30, ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

CHAINLESS CYCLES. COLUMBIA.

Winner Grand Prix, 1900.

MONARCH.

A Perfect Machine.

ENGLISH or AMERICAN TYRE.

Ask your Agent, or send to—

MARKT & CO. (Dept. 2), 25, SHOE LANE, E.C.

SHANKS'S

EASY WORKING

LAWN MOWERS

WITH PATENT AXLE SPRINGS

GREATEST IMPROVEMENT EVER KNOWN. GREAT DURABILITY.

Of all Ironmongers and Seedsmen.

A. SHANKS & SON, LD., ARBROATH & LONDON

SWIFT "THEY RUN SO EASILY."

SWIFT CYCLES

ARE ALWAYS FAVORITES. FROM 10 GUINEAS.

ON INSTALLMENT SYSTEM.

Particulars free from The Swift Cycle Co., Ltd., Coventry; and 15 & 16, Holborn Viaduct, London Agents in all towns. Estd. nearly 50 years.

HIGH-CLASS

"E" BOOTS and SHOES

For Ladies & Gentlemen.

WHOLESALE ONLY

Normal Factory, Northampton.

DON'T READ THIS!

UNLESS YOU LIKE MUSIC.

VIOLINS, from 5/-, for Beginners. Good Violins, from 15/-.

BANJOS, Violin Outfits, complete, from 6/-.

MANDOLINES, Our Special Banjo, 22/6.

from 7/6. Zither-Banjoes, from 35/-.

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Strings for all Stringed Instruments.

SINGLE ARTICLE AT WHOLESALE PRICE SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

An Easy Self-Instructor sent with each Instrument. Send for our Price List, Free on Application.

THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
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THE W.H.K. & S. CORSETS

ARE WORN BY

MADAME ADELINA PATTI,
MADAME BELLE COLE,
MISS ELLEN TERRY.

FOR

EXCELLENCE OF MATERIAL,
BEAUTY OF STYLE
AND FINISH,

these Corsets are unrivalled.

Miss ELLEN TERRY writes, April 28, 1892:

"I am obliged to you for the Corset, which I find perfection, and shall be pleased for you to register in my name."

The "MARY ANDERSON," "ELLEN TERRY," and other high-class Corsets meet all the requirements of the present fashion, being also made with the

NEW STRAIGHT FRONT.

They are Elegant, Comfortable, and Perfect Fitting.

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL FIRST-CLASS DRAPERS AND LADIES' OUTFITTERS.



From 15/6 to 2 Guineas.